

PRIZE STORY AND POEM.

CHRISTMAS STORIES AND POEMS.

Mary J. Reid's View of Chicago's Famous Literary Men and Women.

Vol 4.

DECEMBER.

NO. 6.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
MIDLAND LIT-
ERATURE & ART

NINETY-SIX PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



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... A FEW OF THE ...

SPECIAL FEATURES FOR JANUARY

Among other attractive matter in the January, 1896, MIDLAND, are the following features :

By the Roman Law, a splendid story of the Far West, full of humor and dramatic action, by Frank W. Calkins.

The October Prize Descriptive Paper (with numerous illustrations) Glimpses of Acadia, by Virginia S. Reichard.

The October Prize Story, by J. Torrey Connor, a story of Life and Love in a Mining Camp.

Exiles From Arcady, Story, by Eugene Schaffter.

Boston's Old Burying Grounds, by Sadette Harrington, with illustrations.

How I Opened up Korea, by John C. Werner, of Yokohama.

A Story of the Sand Hills, by Rosa Hudspeth, with portrait.

The Women's Clubs of Minnesota (with portraits), by Fanny Kennish Earl.

Iowa's Soldiers' Monument, by Hon. James Harlan, ex-United States Senator (a member of the Monument Commission and the orator at the laying of the corner stone of the monument). Senator Harlan has consented, on the urgent request of Governor Jackson, Curator Aldrich of the Historical

Department, and others, to prepare a paper on the Soldiers' Monument. The paper will be illustrated with finely engraved pictures of the Monument and of the detail work of the sculptor, Mr. Rohl-Smith. This will be to those interested in Iowa's soldiers whom it commemorates, and in the Monument itself, a souvenir edition to put away with the treasures of the home, and to send to their friends in all parts of the world.

Ambushed by Indians, a sketch of pioneer life in Minnesota, by L. G. Davis.

Trading-Day in the Country, a sketch, by Ernest Wyde.

The Strike, a sketch from Life in Labor's World, by Reed Dunroy.

The Editor Abroad series, now nearing its close, will be represented in this number by A sketch of the Lake Country of Scotland, to be followed in subsequent numbers by Edinburgh, The Lake Country of England and Homeward Bound.

Several Illustrated Papers, among them choice stories, etc., a Midland War Paper of more than usual interest, and other popular features. These with Sketches, etc., not as yet definitely placed.



Photo by Dawson, Albia.

TYPES OF MIDLAND BEAUTY. VI.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME IV.

DECEMBER, 1895.

NUMBER 6.

THOMAS NAST AND HIS WORK.

BY LEIGH LESLIE.

WHO that read *Harper's Weekly* in the dark and troublous days of the Civil War can ever forget those powerful emblematic pictures on its pages, rich in originality and in vigor, which bore the signature of Thomas Nast? What inspiration was in those pictures! How they thrilled the heart of the weary, foot-sore soldier! How they roused the enthusiasm of the loyal citizen!

Thomas Nast's soul was *en rapport* with the spirit of the North, and his pencil gleamed like a sword. President Lincoln publicly acknowledged that Nast did more than anyone else to inspire patriotism and to recruit the army. Others high in public station paid similar tribute to his genius.

It was in that period, too, that Nast's first great political caricatures appeared. It may be said that the publication of these cartoons marked an epoch in the history of pictorial satire. The work of the young artist increased in audacity and in importance until Nast came to be regarded as a master of the satirical grotesque.

In the creations of pictorial satirists of all ages rarer humor or more far-reaching suggestiveness can nowhere be found than in the works of Nast. To his cartoons must the historian turn for the popular reflection of many political notabilities.

In the great uprising in New York City against that arch-corruptionist, Tweed, and his "ring," Nast employed his pencil to excellent purpose, doing more, it was conceded, to expose the nefarious methods of the "bosses" who for so many years had been misruling and robbing the municipality, and to rouse public sentiment against them, than did all of the other reform agencies combined. None

of his cartoons was without sharp point. One of them represented Tweed as a money-bag, suggesting to the public what was afterward absolutely proved,—namely, that the notorious leader had comprehended a great fortune for himself through corrupt political practices. That famous money-bag caricature directed public attention so strongly to, and crystallized public sentiment so clearly on, this proposition, that Tweed himself attributed to it the disruption of his forces.

Before the Republican National Convention of 1872, the coterie of great journalists who sought to discredit the administration of President Grant, and to prevent his renomination for the presidency, winced under the keen thrusts of satire from Nast's pencil. In the political struggle of that year Nast achieved the greatest triumphs. That skill of grotesque suggestiveness with which he is so richly endowed was thrown into his combinations with an *abandon* that challenged admiration. His works sorted well with the strong party feeling of the time, and wielded a prodigious influence. The absurd positions assumed in that memorable campaign by Greeley, Sumner and other of the former republican leaders were a source of constant inspiration to Nast. Each cartoon was a mirror in which these distinguished personages were enabled to see themselves in grotesque attitudes, as the public saw them.

Many of Nast's symbolic creations, as, for example, the great Republican Elephant, the Democratic Donkey, and the Tammany Tiger, are as securely established in American politics as are the Lion and the Unicorn on the escutcheon of John Bull. It is noteworthy, too, that the Republican Elephant never went

down in defeat in a national campaign until Nast temporarily retired from the field. The result of the election of 1884 might have been otherwise if the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, George William Curtis, had not seen fit, for obvious reasons, to dispense with Nast's services on that journal.

But Thomas Nast is possessed of distinct genius for more serious art than that with which his name is most intimately associated in the popular mind. Already he has given us several great oil paintings

haps the choicest of his historical paintings. It is regarded as one of the best of the paintings relating to the War of the Rebellion. It represents with striking effect the scene of Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox. His masterly treatment of the great culminating scene in the gigantic struggle has won for the artist warmest encomiums from many critics.

While abroad last fall Mr. Nast met Mr. Hermann H. Kohlsaat, the well-known journalist, now editor and publisher of



Copyright by Thomas Nast, 1895.

THE IMMORTAL LIGHT OF GENIUS.

"Bowed before the illuminated bust [of Shakespeare], and offering to the bard tribute of laurel wreaths, are two spirit forms, one representing Comedy as the 'Jester,' and the other representing Tragedy in the garb of an old Roman."

of historical association, and there is rich promise of even better work from his hand. His resolute determination to apply himself to great subjects augurs the highest success. Nast has a mind capable of grasping the loftiest conceptions, and he is daring, original, fertile in resource, ever aspiring after the highest forms of excellence. In range of subject, as well as of method, his art is comprehensive.

"Peace in Union," upon which he put the finishing touches last April, is per-

The Chicago Times-Herald. Nast and Kohlsaat spent some time together in London, and, before they parted, the editor and publisher had engaged the artist to execute this painting. Nast was given *carte blanche*. After diligent research and study, he shut himself in his studio and took up his brush. For months he labored assiduously, his interest in and love for the work growing with the development of the figures on the canvas. On April 9th, the thirtieth anniversary of the surrender, the picture was

finished, and on April 27th, the seventy-third anniversary of Grant's birth, it was formally presented by Mr. Kohlsaatz to the historic old town of Galena (which was Mr. Kohlsaatz's home when Grant was an obscure clerk there in a leather store), Nast himself and many other distinguished men witnessing the unveiling.

For the better understanding of this historic painting, let me briefly recall to the

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S. }
5 P. M., April 7th, 1865. }

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.:

The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.



Copyright by Thomas Nast.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, OF NEW YORK, 1865.

reader's mind the events leading down to the surrender.

On Palm Sunday, April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, the War of the Rebellion virtually terminated in the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, to General Ulysses S. Grant, Commander-in-Chief of the Union Army.

Under date of April 7th, 1865, Grant wrote the following letter:

Lee's answer to this letter was as follows:

April 7th, 1865.

General:—I have received your note of this day. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE,
Lieut.-General U. S. GRANT, General.
Commanding Armies of the U. S.

To this unsatisfactory letter Grant made the following reply :

April 8th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.:

Your note of last evening in reply to mine of same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely: that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

The correspondence between Grant and Lee continued up to April 9th, when Lee requested the personal interview with Grant which resulted in the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. In his "Memoirs" Grant relates that Sheridan's troops were fearful lest the communications of Lee were only a ruse. "But," Grant goes on to say, "I had no doubt about the good faith of Lee, and pretty soon was conducted to where he was. I found him at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, on a portion of which was an apple orchard, beyond a little valley which separated it from that on the crest of which Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle to the south. I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War; but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War." The story of the surrender is thus told by General Grant :

When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a

sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and, after shaking hands, took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

The moment when, with clasped hands, they stood looking earnestly into each other's face, has been seized upon by the artist to portray Grant and Lee. The short, slightly-stooped, carelessly-dressed figure of the one is in striking contrast with the tall, erect, carefully-dressed figure of the other. Behind the modest warrior in blue stand Colonel Parker, Colonel Merritt, General Rawlins (chief of staff), Captain Seth Williams, Colonel Porter, Colonel Ingalls, General P. H. Sheridan, Colonel Badeau, General Ord, Colonel Bowers, Colonel Dent and General Custer. Behind the haughty general in gray stand Colonel Charles Marshall, a

member of his staff, and Colonel Orville E. Babcock, the Federal staff-officer deputed by Grant to act as Lee's escort to the place of meeting. None of the figures are cold or languid; there is life and earnestness in every one.

Nast went to his studio superbly equipped for the execution of this splendid work. He had visited Appomattox and obtained an accurate description of the room in the McLean house wherein Grant and Lee met, and of the table whereon the articles of surrender were drawn. Colonel Frederick D. Grant had sent him the hat, the blouse and the top-boots worn by General Grant on the occasion. (To the boots there still clings some of the red soil of Virginia.) With all of the officers whom he was to picture on the canvas he had met and conversed. Of many of them, including Grant, he had contemporaneous portraits.

As the work progressed, he received many helpful suggestions from Miss Lee, daughter of the Confederate chieftain, from Colonel Grant, from General Horace Porter and from Colonels Parker and Marshall.

This wealth of material, joined with his high conception of the subject, with his strong power of drawing, and with his fine technical skill, has enabled Nast to enrich American art with a historical painting that, for vivid realism and for nice discrimination of character, is indeed remarkable. The figures are life-size. The canvas is nine by twelve feet. It hangs on the east wall of the public library room in the government building at Galena.

The largest of Nast's other historical paintings, "The Departure of the Seventh Regiment of New York, 1861," was executed in the time of the war, and it hangs in the regimental armory at the metropolis. The canvas is seven by nine feet.

Nast was an eye-witness of the scene he has so graphically portrayed on canvas. "I was there at the time," he tells me, "and sketched the picture on the spot." In some respects this is one of his best

performances; it is notably accurate and particularly strong in power of action.

The *New York Herald* of April 20th, 1861, describes the departure of the regiment in this wise:

With the band playing the national airs and the regiment's quick-steps; with the police relieving each other by turns, in frantic efforts to clear a way for the soldiery; with the line broken by the crowd, which surged backward and forward like an ocean, the march began. Through a crowd so dense that it seemed to block up the way impassably; through walls of human beings, close, compact, unshrinking, as if the police, like a modern Moses, had parted the sea of people into living walls; under a perfect canopy of flags, gilded by the sun with a glory as bright as that which they have always won and deserved; with cheers rolling along like enthusiastic thunders; past buildings whose fronts were covered with flags, and above doors, windows, stoops and balconies were jammed with people; with handkerchiefs, waved by fair hands, and as numerous as the forest leaves which the winds rustle, saluting the gallant volunteers; past Major Anderson, who reviewed the regiment from the balcony of Ball, Black & Co.'s building, and, by his presence, reminded them of war's dangers and of its glories; with bayonets brightly gleaming in the sun; with step firm; with bearing proud and erect, as befitted the men and the occasion, the Seventh Regiment marched down Broadway. Never was a popular demonstration more brilliant and more enthusiastic.

The young artist, his heart aglow with the patriotism and with the enthusiasm of the time, caught superbly the spirit of this scene.

As exquisite a performance, both in conception and in finish, as has yet come from Nast's hand, is "The Immortal Light of Genius," which is owned by Sir Henry Irving, the great English actor, who sent an order for it by cable last summer. This dainty work represents the little room at Stratford-on-Avon in which Shakspeare was born. From the famous bust of the poet which occupies the place of honor in front of the quaint and crumbling old fireplace there appears to radiate a lucid, mellow light, which illumines everything round about. Bowed before the illuminated bust, and

offering to the bard tribute of laurel wreaths, are two spirit forms, one representing Comedy as the "Jester," and the other representing Tragedy in the garb of an old Roman.

"Sherman's Marching Through Georgia" is the title of one of Nast's strongest war pictures, and "The Halt" is that of another. The latter represents a familiar scene on the march.

Nast is in receipt of orders for still other historical pictures, one of which will represent President Lincoln's entry

into Richmond. This will doubtless be one of his best efforts. The subject is a noble one, and it is not to be questioned that he will treat it faithfully.

These great historical paintings by Nast will become more and more interesting and valuable with the lapse of time. They have all been done with rare fidelity. The artist puts his whole soul into his work. He is earnest, purposeful, painstaking. While he was executing "Peace in Union" he had scarcely a thought of anything else. "Every morn-



From a recent Photograph.

THOMAS NAST.

PEACE IN UNION
BY THOMAS NILES



APPOMATTOX.
PALM SUNDAY
APRIL 9th 1865.
COURT HOUSE, VA

ing," he says, "before taking my bath I would go and take a look at it. Now there is only a blank wall in its place."

Thomas Nast is by birth a Bavarian. He was born September 27th, 1840. His father, who had been a musician in the Bavarian army, quit Germany before the outbreak of the revolutionary struggle which culminated in 1848, and came to this country, bringing his son with him. Young Nast early exhibited remarkable talent for pictorial art, and, after a little home practice and a six months' course of instruction under Theodore Kaukmann, he began to furnish sketches to Frank Leslie's illustrated journals. At the age of twenty-one he was assigned to go to England to make illustrations for the *New York Illustrated News*. So successfully did he do his work in England that in a short time he was instructed to go to Italy to join General Mazzini in the famous campaigns in which Garibaldi freed Sicily and created the Kingdom of Italy. From Italy he also furnished several other papers, among them English and French journals, with war pictures of great power. He returned to America in February, 1861, just before the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion. Soon afterward he began in *Harper's Weekly* that series of pictures which gave him so great fame.

In the great collection of pictures, books, armor and curios which adorns his home at Morristown, New Jersey,—a home to which the visitor is always heartily welcomed,—there is nothing else for which Nast cherishes so tender a sentiment as a beautiful silver vase bearing this inscription: "The members of the Union League Club unite in presenting to Thomas Nast this token of their admiration of his genius, and his ardent

devotion of that genius to the preservation of his country from the scheme of rebellion—1869."

Next to this splendid trophy the artist prizes a canteen-shaped vase on which is represented in strong relief America decorating Nast in the presence of the Army and the Navy, and on the reverse side of which is this inscription: "Presented to Thomas Nast by his friends in the Army and Navy of the United States in recognition of the patriotic use he has made of his rare abilities as the artist of the people; the gift of three thousand and five hundred officers and enlisted men in the Army and Navy of the United States."

Nast is a many-sided man. As a caricaturist he has no superior; as a historical painter he is scarcely less successful than as a pictorial satirist; as a public lecturer (he has made several lecture tours of this country), he is instructive and entertaining; as an observer of events he is alert and intelligent, and as a conversationalist he is delightfully interesting. He possesses to an extraordinary degree those qualities which are so potent to cultivate friendships,—which attract men and lay hold upon their hearts. He is gracious, generous and sympathetic; these endearing qualities have made him the idol of his friends. He has traveled widely, has read much, and has met and conversed with most of the great painters, sculptors, actors, writers, preachers and statesmen of his time. It is safe to say that no one has the friendship of more men and women of distinction than he.

Nast is a well-preserved, plain-looking man; his figure is short, his well-shaped head is set squarely upon good shoulders, and his beard, hair and eyes are dark. His bearing is that of the modest, cultured American gentleman.



AMONG THE CHICAGO WRITERS.

BY MARY J. REID.

THE visitor who knew Chicago before the World's Columbian Exposition and the great strike, the Chicago of Mr. Opie Read's "Colossus" and Mr. Henry B. Fuller's "The Cliff Dwellers," who thought that the Lake City could make but one response—the response of business—to the many appeals of art and humanity, will note to-day a marked change in the spirit of the people. Now and then one will meet an old-time braggart, a mere business machine, like Kirkland's Zury or Mr. Opie Read's George Witherspoon; but the new Chicago is the Chicago portrayed in Mr. Fuller's "With the Procession,"* governed by a Jane Marshall, a Susan Bates, a faithful Brower, and (it is a pity that one must say it) a Truesdale Marshall, the last type being a blot on the scutcheon of Chicago and every other city in America; for, struggle as we will, none of us can get beyond Walt Whitman's view of American life in "Songs of Parting."

How America illustrates birth, muscular youth, the promise, the sure fulfillment, the absolute success, despite of people—
illustrates evil as well as good.

When the evil predominates, Chicagoans reëcho Mr. Francis F. Browne's pessimistic poem of †Retrogression:

Opposing forces up and down
Shall sway us till the end of time;
These fit us for an angel's crown,—
Those drag us backward to the slime.
And still must rage the horrid feud
Inherent in our being's law;
The arbitry of Bad and Good
By wager of the tooth and claw.

But the cry of Chicago is more frequently optimistic than pessimistic. Professor Triggs, of the Chicago University, may be said to have voiced it when he wrote:

‡ Have you marked the dominant, ever dominant note of hope of American

speakers and writers? Have you read the message of Whitman in its entirety? At this moment the people are confronted by as momentous a question as has come to any nation, a question which is resolving itself into one of industrial war. But light-hearted, nothing daunted,

We take up the task eternal, and the burden
and the lesson.
Pioneers! O pioneers!

And again Professor Triggs says, speaking for the large army of law-abiding citizens:

America has, I believe, one great and abiding passion,—to make the reason, the soul of man, and the will of God to prevail.

The divine hopefulness of the Chicagoans, their spirit of toleration, their passions for art and for philanthropy strike with wonder the stranger who has expected to find them wholly given over to materialism. Perhaps this marvelous growth may not be observable to the New Yorker or the Bostonian, but it is certainly noted by every intelligent sojourner from San Francisco, St. Paul or Kansas City; and in England Chicago has found a zealous advocate in Sir Walter Besant. It is also a singularly receptive city, not alone to European and Eastern ideas but the talent of the West, of the South, of Canada, is taken in Chicago at its full valuation, and frequently finds its first recognition there.

The greatest signs of progress, however, next to the University of Chicago and the Art Institute, are the vast collections of manuscripts, rare old books and costly specimens of the bookmaker's art, which have been imperceptibly accumulating in the Newberry, the Crerar, the Public, and the University libraries to such an extent that few Chicagoans are aware of the literary hoards therein contained,—hoards "heaped up" as Mr. Fuller expresses it, "with the pillage of a sacked and ravaged globe." In the

* Harper Brothers.

† "Volunteer Grain," Way and Williams.

‡ "Browning and Whitman, a Study in Democracy," Macmillan & Co.

Newberry Library, for example, (particularly distinguished by having the poet, Mr. John Vance Cheney, for its librarian,) one may spend days in examining its ancient and modern treasures—from the *Djami* or *Jami Yusef ve Zulukha*, captured at Mooltan in 1489 (a manuscript still kept in a bag which was slung over some Persian student's shoulder) to one of the costliest books produced in our century, the *Portraits de Personages Historiques* collected and painted in water colors by Bauderval. The latter work is a wonderful study of French types, and displays better than any other modern book the actual value of ideal illustrations to the student of history. The Newberry library also contains one of the best collections of rare old Bibles in the United States, among which may be mentioned the *Biblia Sacra Latina Venetius*, 1476; the Great Bible, 1539; Cranmer's Bible, 1541, and the *Bibliorum Sacrorum Vulgate Versionis* (on vellum), 1788. At the Uni-

versity of Chicago the impulse that President Harper and Professor Moulton are giving to the study of the Bible as literature, the University Extension lectures, and the large army of able professors bringing exact scholarship to a busy metropolis, are all surrounding the smoky city with a clearer atmosphere of learning.

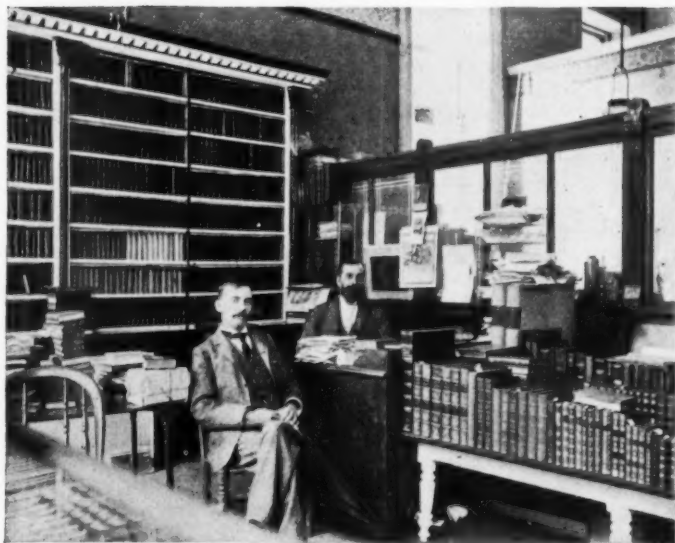
There is nothing more charming in Chicago than the absence of jealousy among its writers and artists. They all stand by one another. But it cannot be denied that the crying want of that city is the cohesion of its literary and artistic elements. At the present time each journalist, author, professor or artist works solely within his own circle or club, and is apt to be known simply by reputation to the *literati* outside that circle. Practically there are but three meeting places in Chicago where the circles may be crossed. One is the Woman's Club. There I was fortunate enough to

hear one of Dr. Sarah H. Stevenson's witty papers and to meet Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor. Another is the house of Mrs. Linden Bates. In her pretty home one may chance upon Professor Louis Block,—the poet-linguist,—Mr. Eugene Field, Mr. Hamlin Garland or Mr. Francis F. Browne, the scholarly editor of the *Chicago Dial*. Nor must one forget the "Saints and Sinner's Corner" at A. C. McClurg & Company's publishing house where divines and actresses, Bohemian journalists and women of fashion, poets and politicians meet upon an equal plane.

It was here I heard from Mr. Millard (Ye olde booke man of McClurg's) a story characteristic of three Chicago writers. On one occasion Messrs. Eugene Field, Opie Read and Stanley Waterloo went fishing with Mr. Millard. Mr. Field paid no attention to the fishing, but "ran down" some very valuable first editions of Whittier and Lowell; Mr. Read dawdled a



MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.



SAINTS AND SINNER'S CORNER AT MCCLURG'S—MR. MILLARD IN THE BACKGROUND.

little with the fishing, but spent most of his time in searching for elemental types, the first editions of men, while Mr. Waterloo stuck close to the fishing with the pertinacity of a true follower of Izaak Walton. The last time I heard from ye olde booke man he was engaged in another kind of sport, fishing for ancient books in London for the Saints and Sinner's Corner.

Classifying roughly, Literary Chicago may be divided into the journalists, the author-professors and the professional authors.

The most noted journalists, many of whom have written books, are Messrs. Eugene and Roswell Martin Field, Mr. Stanley Waterloo, Mr. Opie Read, Mr. Upton, Dr. Oliver Nixon, Mr. Elwyn Barron, Mr. William Armstrong, Mrs. Mary Abbott and the young editor, J. Percival Pollard.

The professional writers are best represented by Mr. John Vance Cheney, Mr. Henry B. Fuller, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Mrs. De Koven, Miss Har-

riet Monroe, Mr. Ernest McGaffey and the new writers, Miss Lillian Bell and Mr. Chatfield-Taylor.

There are also the University author-professors, such as Professors Shorey, Von Holst, Moulton, M'Laughlin, Triggs, Starr and Herrick.

The Chicago *Dial* editors can scarcely be classed with the journalists since that periodical is in some respects a unique one, no other periodical in the country giving such a large space to the contributions of university men. Mr. Browne has been for years one of the educational forces in Chicago. A tall, reserved man belonging to a type which was often seen during the War-generation, but is now fast dying out,—an American type which has always possessed "a golden store of scholar's lore" and once found its highest exemplar in this country in William Cullen Bryant. While Chicagoans may grumble at Mr. Morton Payne—the literary editor of the *Dial*—because of his slow recognition of Western authors, when recognition from his pen comes, the author feels that he has surely put

amateur work behind him and has become a master in what Ben Johnson calls "the craft of making." Mr. Payne is not a "name-hunter." No matter how obscure the writer, when his work reaches a certain standard of excellence it is favorably noted in the *Dial*. A recent case where the *Dial* stood practically alone in its advocacy of a poet was that of the late Professor Perkins of the University of Iowa.

In the purely literary field, those who understand best "the craft of making" in Chicago are Mr. Fuller, Mr. Eugene Field, Mr. Cheney, Mrs. Catherwood and Miss Monroe. To this list the Mid-West always adds the names of Messrs. Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo and Hamlin Garland, rightly estimating their vivid studies of real life as an equivalent for any lack of constructive power they may evince.

The first author whom I met was Mrs. Catherwood. It was an ideal day in May when the meadows were dotted with violets that I took the train to Hoopeston, for in this little city, not quite near enough



OPIE READ.

to be a suburb of Chicago, were composed nearly all of Mrs. Catherwood's stories: "The Romance of Dollard," "The Story of Tonty," "Old Kaskaskia," "The Lady of Fort St. John," and "The Chase of Saint Castin and Other Stories of the French, in the New World."* Here she has a charming home among her husband's kith and kin. Yet it is not too costly for her to run away from it when she wishes to take a trip to France, to Canada or to the South-Mississippi States for the collection of material. No one knows the Mississippi Valley better than Mrs. Catherwood, but she loves best the region around the Illinois River. She has a fine photograph of Fort St. Louis of the Illinois, where the Illinois Indians made their last stand, and her uncle had a ranch of ten thousand acres bordering on that river. His home was one of the old French seignory houses, which she has described in "Old Kaskaskia." They were all built upon the same general plan—the lower floor was used for cattle and stores, on the second floor were the living apartments, and the third floor was a ball-room where the tenants were in the habit of assembling for a dance. A duel was fought in old French days in her uncle's seignory house, and the blood spots on the hearth could never be washed out. The legend was that these blood spots always quivered at midnight. "The Beauport Loup-Garou," "The Windigo" and "Pontiac's Lookout" show that Mrs. Catherwood is very fond of the weird and terrible. She told me that while she cared little for poetry, she enjoyed one of Victor Hugo's novels or one of Miss Wilkins' ghost stories better than anything else. Sometimes when she goes to Chicago, Mr. Waterloo, the president of the Press Club, and Mrs. Catherwood amuse a small coterie by trying to outvie one another in telling weird tales. In such a combat "The Windigo" was born.

It is a great treat to hear Mrs. Catherwood tell a story. She tells a story much

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

better than she reads one. In the narration, the little artistic touches are never forgotten, nor the grouping of apparently incidental circumstances which finally lead up to the development of the plot. She is also very fond of the picturesque, even knowing how to use the bizarre effectively. But it is noticeable that her touches of the bizarre never reach the blood-curdling point, which Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is fond of touching in her descriptions of Spanish life. Mrs. Catherwood never forgets that she is an artist, and while she considers herself at liberty to use any color upon her easel, no matter how barbaric, the picture itself is always a work of art. In a very subtle manner are the comic, the fantastic and the weird commingled in "Old Kaskaskia" and "The Lady of Fort St. John." One must go to Victor Hugo for a more fantastically horrible death than that of D'Aulnay de Charnissay, caught in the quicksand, and the little woman-dwarf sitting by, ruthlessly naming the galloping waves which cover his head after the French Huguenots whom Charnissay had foully executed.

It is quite a study in the art of phantasy to compare some of the scenes in these novels with Mr. Fuller's "The Chatelaine of La Trinité," and "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."* That scene, for instance, where the chevalier feels the high disdain of the old Etruscan warrior, who has defied time for three thousand years, but who crumbled to dust when his crown was but borrowed. Or that strange spectacle in the cathedral where the chevalier improvises "a vast fantasia of thunders and lightnings, of tumult and terror, of shrieks and curses and condemnations," till, to the art-loving Italian hearers, the music suggests "the vengeance not to be stayed" of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" and Dante's "Inferno."

Just as we owe to Mr. Fuller some phases of Italian and Swiss life, so we owe to Mrs. Catherwood the resurrection of the old French emigré,—La Salle,



STANLEY WATERLOO.

Father Jogues, Tonty, Marie de la Tour, Colonel Menard, Angélique Saucier and her tante-gra'-mère. But still more wonderful is her conception of the lights and shades of the Indian character. No other woman in the United States with the exception of Miss Mary Alicia Owen, the student of Indian folk-lore, knows the Indians better.

In a knowledge of Indian types, the sculptor, Mr. Edward Kemeys, who has but lately established his "Wolf Den" at Bryn Mawr, Chicago, exceeds them both, his manhood giving him an advantage; but Kemeys' busts of Indians are wonderful creations, particularly the bust of Wild Hog, a famous Indian fighter, who even in his captivity put his foes at a disadvantage.

Mrs. Catherwood has some rare old French books, but the books she showed me with the most pride were presentation copies from Eugene Field with some of his verses written on the fly-leaves in his fine, exquisite hand,—the capitals and illustrations illuminated as in a mediæval manuscript.

Miss Harriet Monroe also possesses some beautiful specimens of Eugene Field's

* The Century Company.

handiwork. Mrs. Catherwood remarked to me: "You will find that Miss Monroe is physically a dainty little creature; she always makes me think of a piece of fine china." And these two gentlewomen are indeed a contrast,—Mrs. Catherwood giving the impression of native force and character, and Miss Monroe, a force naturally springing from generations of culture. Mrs. Catherwood has a vigorous physique, a strong face and a searching-blue eye. Her most marked feature is her nose, about which there is a certain elegance, such as Balzac has described in his characterization of Madame Claës. Miss Monroe is a small, slight woman with a brunette complexion, brown eyes, brown hair and a flexible, expressive mouth. More than any other poet of her time, she makes me think of Mrs. Browning; not in the quantity of her work, nor in the carelessness of her versification, but in the largeness of her conceptions which rise above the prejudices of race and sex. Song is not dead among us when a poet can carry us upward to the

height of the following sonnet upon Shelley,—a sonnet sent to her brother with a copy of Shelley's poems:

*Behold, I send thee to the heights of song.
My brother! Let thine eyes awake as clear
As morning dew, within whose glowing
sphere
Is mirrored half a world; and listen long.
Till in thine ears, famished to keenness,
throng
The bugles of the soul—till far and near
Silence grows populous, and wind and mere
Are phantom-choked with voices. Then be
strong—
Then halt not till thou seest the beacon's
flare.
Souls mad for truth have lit from peak to
peak.
Haste on to breathe the intoxicating air—
Wine to the brave and poison to the weak—
Far in the blue where angels feet have trod,
Where earth is one with heaven and man
with God.

The study of types is particularly interesting in Chicago. Professor Moulton is of a pleasing English type—a polished scholar wholly opposed to the crude, popular conception of an Englishman.

Professor Starr has the scientific curiosity and some of the remorselessness of an anthropologist, joined to an ingenuous, almost boyish, manner,—a manner which doubtless aids him in his studies of primitive peoples.

Professor Von Holst is rather unapproachable, but he represents the learned German, wholly absorbed in his work. While Professor Moulton is an ideal lecturer, leaving the mind at the conclusion of a lecture stimulated rather than exhausted, Professor Von Holst's concentrated style, added to his rasping voice and unsympathetic face, makes his lectures (until one gets used to his mannerisms) far more exhausting than the perusal of his books. He holds his students with a tense, unnatural air, as if he were the Czar rather than the father. He has fairly conquered the English language and has a rugged and concise style,—not that dry, labored expression which is ordinarily associated with conciseness, but one which is intense and vivid with an element of picturesqueness in it.

* McClurg & Co.



HARRIET MONROE.

Professor Crow, one of the woman-professors, is a charming lecturer and makes a pretty picture as she leans upon her pulpit-like desk, discoursing upon Shakspeare and the Elizabethan Era. She is about middle height, has dark brown hair, gray eyes, and a high forehead which makes one think of Chaucer's lines :

But sickerly she had a fair forehead.
It was almost a spanne broad I trow.

Her manner is very agreeable and I fancy that the average student learns more from her careful, exact training in the best methods of assorting and collecting literary facts than from a great lecturer.

President Harper has so much individuality that one would surely pick him out of a crowd. He is below the medium height ; has a broad brow and an enormous head, strong features, strong chin and alert, peculiar eyes. In looking at him I was reminded of one of J. R. Green's sentences descriptive of Henry II. : "His practicable, serviceable frame suited the hardest worker of his time." President Harper's manner is a little abrupt, quick and decisive. He gives you five minutes and all is over.

No one could be more unlike President Harper than Mr. Opie Read. The latter is a purely Southern type, a giant in stature who personally impresses one with a sense of reserve power greater than that conveyed by "The Colossus" and "Len Gansett." At the base of his forehead he has a very heavy wrinkle which smooths itself out in his earnest moments. Gray eyes, which are set rather far back in his head, shine with a



HENRY B. FULLER.

kindly, humane light and somewhat relieve the darkness of the heavy eyebrows and black hair. His voice is musical with a melancholy cadence in it, and his manners are the outcome of his kindly, sympathetic nature. Next to Octave Thanet, I know of no author who gives one a better idea of the typical Southern manner. I was particularly struck with his ideas upon words. I had asked him if he and Mr. Waterloo were not striving to describe life with absolute simplicity and sincerity of expression, for those qualities seemed to me to be the main characteristics of "The Kentucky Colonel" and "A Man and a Woman." He answered in the affirmative, and during a little discussion upon the relative value of Anglo-Saxon and Latin words

he remarked: "Words seem to me to have color, to shine with a red, blue or green light. There are words which are white with heat, and those that are as cold as ice, so that I want to drop them as quickly as possible. Others bristle with ruggedness. There are warmth, color and vigor in Anglo-Saxon words, but conscience words are Latin."

In respect to his views as a novelist, Mr. Read said: "Mr. Garland and I have had many a discussion upon realism. I am not *always* a realist. I do not believe in drawing everything that one sees. The artist must choose his material. I lived with the gypsies for a while, but I should never think of depicting gypsy life. Beauty, more than absolute realism, appeals to me. I like to paint the rose, but I leave out the toad unless it is necessary to complete the landscape. Mr. Garland has force and strength in describing the humble, tired woman or the powerful man, but the fact is, he thinks a woman's nature is just like that of a man. Women are finer and nobler than men. There is something wrong in



WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

his conception of woman, for he has never been able to draw a fine one."

The last remark recalled to mind the saying of another realist: "Somehow Mr. Garland always draws a woman with a tarred stick." Mr. Read prefers Octave Thanet's work to that of any other western writer, while Mr. Waterloo's ideal writer of the West is Mrs. Catherwood. I met Mr. Waterloo by appointment at the Press Club in a most Bohemian way, and saw the portraits of the various presidents of the club, and the lounge which is always reserved for Mr. Read. Mr. Waterloo slyly remarked that upon that lounge Mr. Read had told stories enough to fill several volumes. He also spoke of Mr. McGovern as a luminous pessimist, and of Mr. J. Percival Pollard as one of the cleverest young writers of Chicago.

At the Press Club, in the Saints and Sinner's Corner, and at a ladies' lunch I heard the remark iterated and reiterated that Mr. Fuller was a scholarly gentleman who gave everything he touched an artistic finish, yet he held himself so far aloof from the life of Chicago that his latest novel, "With the Procession," must necessarily give a narrow view of the city. No remark could be farther away



FRANCIS F. BROWNE.



JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

from the truth. There is no question as to Mr. Fuller's reserve or his avoidance of crowds and large assemblies. But the byways of Chicago, the artists' studios, the minor libraries and the houses of the old residents are familiar haunts to him, and no writer, except Miss Alice French, is watching with greater interest the steady growth of literature at the West. Like Octave Thanet, he does not believe in drawing characters directly from life. All the people who inhabit his books are types, drawn from at least half a dozen different sources, or are idealistic studies. Chicago may think she has the monopoly of the characters in "The Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession." But many western towns which Mr. Fuller has not visited since he was a boy hold their counterparts. When asked why he did not continue to write such idealistic stories as "The Chatelaine of La Trinité," he answered:

"I am not the same man I was when I wrote 'The Chatelaine.' An author cannot be expected to stand still in order to please his audience; but," he added, shaking his head in a way peculiar to himself, "none of my books has pleased

me long or completely, but 'The Chatelaine' pleased me longest and most completely."

I do not know if Chicagoans have noted that Mr. Cheney and Mr. Fuller have the same type of face. Not that they are in any respect doubles, as Lafcadio Hearn and Pierre Loti, William Morris and Charles Edwin Markham, or Mrs. Catherwood and Mrs. Jean Blewitt are said to be. As a matter of fact, intellectually Mr. Cheney and Mr. Fuller are contrasts rather than doubles; one being a poet and essayist, in one degree modern, yet with a leaning towards the literature of the past; the other a novelist, modern in every sense, except as an architect, with a keen ear for music, but no ear for song. Yet each possesses what in America we consider the typical intellectual face.

Mr. Cheney, Professor Moulton and Professor Triggs, quite fairly represent three schools of criticism. Mr. Cheney belongs to that school of which Matthew Arnold was the greatest light



JOHN MCGOVERN.

in England and Mr. Edmund C. Stedman in the United States. It is a form of criticism classified by Professor Moulton as the "criticism of taste." Professor Moulton has popularized *scientific* criticism while Professor Triggs voices the democratic spirit of the people. No works which these three critics have published better exemplify the difference in these three schools than Mr. Cheney's "Golden Guess,"* Professor Moulton's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist,"† and Professor Triggs' "Browning and Whitman, A Study in Democracy."‡ The best essay written upon Matthew Arnold in this country may be found in "The Golden Guess." Mr. Cheney proclaims Arnold to be "the keenest and wisest critic so far adorning English literature." His view of Tennyson is no less sympathetic and the essay upon "Who Are the Great Poets" is in the same line with Professor Moulton's efforts to teach the historical and poetical value of the old Hebrew writers. Mr. Cheney has inherited from his father, the late Simeon Pease Cheney, not only a love of instrumental and vocal music but also of Nature's music. One of his latest labors has been to edit a work left unfinished by his father, entitled, "Wood Notes

Wild."* In 1888 the father wrote: "I have become sure there is nothing so wonderful on earth as the birds and their music." Those readers who have marveled at Mr. Cheney's quaint revelations of nature's secrets in the poems of "Thistle Drift" and "Wood Blooms" will no longer marvel when they find that to his father "the voices of the wood and field were as familiar as those of his own family."

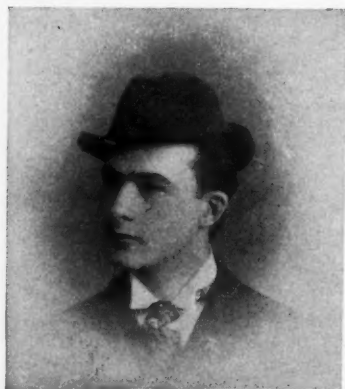
To the young student of Shakespeare, there is no work more helpful than the discussions of character-development, character-grouping, the main-plot and the under-plot, to be found in Professor Moulton's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist"; and, next to the interpretations of Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. Arthur Stedman, the reader will find no more sympathetic work upon Walt Whitman than Professor Triggs' "Study of Browning and Whitman."

At the moment of correcting the proofs for this paper, there came the startling announcement that "the Angel with a Wreath of Rue" had silently entered the home of Eugene Field, carrying away "when the world was fast asleep" that restless spirit, who but yesterday enlivened the Chicagoans with his witticisms or moved them to tears with a pathetic poem.

His sister-in-law told me an odd little story about him, which seems, now that he is gone, worth repeating. One night he awakened her out of a sound sleep in order to read to her the first draft of a touching little poem. As he read the last stanza a tear trickled down her cheek. When he saw it he laughed quite like a boy, and said: "You are a gauge by which I can measure other people's feelings. I thought there was something in these verses but I could not rest until I knew how they would affect you."

An evening with Eugene Field was an event not only on account of his witty sayings, his command of dialect and his out-of-the-way learning, but also because

* Lee & Shepard.
† Macmillan & Co.



J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

* Lee & Shepard.



ROSSELL MARTIN FIELD.

he was a great mimic and had a face so flexible that it could be transformed into almost any shape. Mrs. Bates told me that at her table he seized two fern leaves and placing them behind his ears whispered in a funereal tone, "Dante." His face was such a mock semblance of the famous Florentine that the room itself seemed to shake with laughter. Alas! he has met Alighieri and the Horace he loved so well on the other side of the "misty Stygian Sea."

Mr. Field had accumulated a library upon the singular theory that books should either be the work of masters or of fools. He had one case devoted entirely to the fools. But this was simply the fantastic side of his nature. Like Goldsmith, whom he somewhat resembled in character, he was one of the masters of simple expression. His child-songs are the sweetest and quaintest in our language and will still be the favorite rhymes of the heart long after many a stately building in Chicago has crumbled away.

His brother, Roswell Martin Field, has a fine, strong intellectual face and is the author of "In Sunflower Land," a most

delightful series of humorous stories depicting life in Kansas. While R. M. Field lived in Kansas City, his column entitled "The Faultfinder" in the Kansas City *Star* was eagerly read all over the South-west. The two brothers have paraphrased Horace in a work entitled "Echoes from the Sabine Farm."*

Mr. George P. Upton has been for years one of the musical authorities of Chicago. He is author of "Women in Music," The Standard Symphonies, Operas, Oratorios and Cantatas and various translations from the German, as the "Life of Wagner." The fame and success of these works mark the musical progress of Chicago. For many years, Mr. Upton was musical critic of the Chicago *Tribune* and he is now upon its editorial staff. About seventy of the letters of "Peregrine Pickle" were published in the *Tribune*. If Chicago is now more truly a musical center than any other Western city, it is largely due to the pioneer efforts of Mr. Upton, whose musical works belong to the standard literature of the country.

*Scribner's Sons.

*McClurg & Co.



GEORGE P. UPTON.

The dramatic criticisms of Mr. Ellwyn Barron are considered by the Chicagoans to rival those of Mr. William Winter.

One of my pleasantest remembrances is a visit to Miss Lilian Bell, author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" and "A Little Sister to the Wilderness."* On the top floor of her home she has a little retreat where she writes and entertains her most intimate friends. It is very simply furnished with but one case of books, a large writing-desk, a table, a Japanese screen, three or four easy chairs and a few pictures. The occupant of this bright room, where the sun streams in unmolested, is a tall, slender girlish looking woman with black hair and black eyebrows which set off her fair complexion. She is full of literary enthusiasms and is to her very finger-tips a Chicagoan. At my request she read to me one of her unpublished dialect stories "Lizzie Lee's Separation." She reads her stories most charmingly without any attempt at rhetorical effect, and speaks the negro and South-western dialects with much fluency. We had a little chat about some of the Chicago writers, but I can recall nothing

*Stone & Kimball.

except her remarks upon Mr. Garland, which I cite, because they were in the main a reëcho of what I heard in many different quarters. "Mr. Garland," said Miss Bell, "is an earnest, talented fellow. Here in Chicago we care nothing about his theories. We accept him for what he is himself. But he does not know the society woman at all. He hates society and takes no pains to learn anything about it."

While it is true enough that there are certain types and some phases of civilization which never appeal to Mr. Garland, yet no other novelist has described the monotonous scenery, the treacherous climate and the average man of the Northwest with a like fidelity to nature. In "Jason Edwards" the very genius of the whirlwind seems to have inspired Mr. Garland in his description of the cyclone. In the same manner the intense cold of the Dakota blizzard is a living reality in "A Little Norsk." But "Jason Edwards" and "A Little Norsk" are not great stories. Notwithstanding their vivid pictures and local coloring they lack the balance of parts and the technical harmony of Howells' "Silas Lapham" or Mr. Fuller's "With The Procession." Our realists are too apt to forget that a great novel is as much a work of art as a symphony or a mediæval abbey. Figuratively speaking, a novel has its buttress, its "arch within arch" and its "archivolt and fretted moulding" just as we find them in some pure Gothic cathedral, created by the cunning of a master architect.

It is in "Main Traveled Roads" that Mr. Garland reaches his highest mark. In fact, I think, he is so much of an impressionist in literature, is so fond of an instantaneous effect of light and shade, that his short stories will always be his best. To use his own words applied to impressionism in art, "The modern picture takes up and relates at a stroke the impression of a dramatic moment."

From Mr. Garland to Mr. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor is a long step. Chicago has never been able to take Mr. Chatfield-



HOBART C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Taylor seriously but he has planned for himself some serious work amidst Spanish scenes and life. His ancestors are from New England and Western New York. He was mainly educated abroad, partly under a tutor. His boyish life was one of perpetual change as he attended many foreign schools while his mother was traveling. He was graduated at the University of Cornell, thus following the good old custom established by John Quincy Adams of spending one's university life in one's native land. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's first venture was a newspaper, which was finally merged into the *Chicago Record*. He tells a funny story in respect to the origin of his novels. His sister-in-law had often told him he had no imagination. To prove to her that he had imagination he wrote his stories. She denied the gift to his first and second stories but was quite enthusiastic about "Two Women and a Fool." But now that he has proved to his sister that he can write a novel, he intends to apply himself to more serious literary work to please himself, as he says his novels seem outside of himself and are wholly opposed to his own theories of art. He does not care for the modern novel. He sometimes reads it as a study of methods and construction, but never for pure pleasure. He would rather write a good drama than anything else, for while there are dozens of good novelists in this country there are but few good playwrights.

The author who studies his chosen art with the most seriousness is the young poet, William Francis Barnard. While I was one of the editors of the *Literary Northwest Magazine* I noted the strength, originality and spontaneity of his sonnet upon "The West." He has subjected himself to a severe mental training, studying the English classics with ardor, and taking Matthew Arnold, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman and Mr. Mabie for his critical guides. He has a love of art and beauty which is almost pagan. In fact he thinks that there is a trend in Chicago towards pagan ideals and his theory is that Beauty as an end cannot lead us far astray. Mr.



L. J. BLOCK.

Barnard's contributions to *THE MIDLAND* are among the best which have yet appeared in its pages.

Professor Louis Block's poems are imbued with German mysticism and are popularly esteemed as unmodern, but the spirit of the new Chicago is to regard classic and modern lore as coëqual. In the odes to Dante, Goethe and Plato, one will often find the spirit of a writer condensed into a line, as when Plato is styled the "finder of the serene and permanent." If these poems lack spontaneity and are occasionally almost as rugged as those of Walt Whitman, the thought is always noble and inspiring. But, unlike Walt Whitman, the audience whom Professor Block addresses must of necessity be a scholarly one. As Miss Monroe is ever appealing to the pure spirit of Truth, so in these metaphysical poems, the old ideas of the masters in respect to nobility of character are recast in a modern mold as in the following melodious verse :

He only wins his freedom truly,
Who dully wins it fresh and fair.
He only ever rises newly
Into the regions of the purer air
Who falters not for blame nor praise,
But lives in strenuous and victorious days.*

* "The New World," Putnam's Sons.



LILIAN BELL.

I have thus tried to picture a few of the leading writers in Chicago. It was a disappointment to me not to meet Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, Mrs. Mary Abbott, Mrs. De Koven, Doctor Gunsaulus and several other well known Chicago authors, who are helping to make their city famous, but this article simply claims to be a record of personal impressions.

The record would scarcely be complete, however, if it failed to note the stirring passions which are driving the people of this great city forward. The World's Columbian Exposition aroused in them the art-passion, and the sufferings of the poor people who were stranded among them, the humane-passion. The architect, Mr. Henry Van Brunt, in his "Greek Lines"* complains that although the art of the architect is not more technical than that of the musician, few novelists and poets, except Sir Walter Scott and Victor

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Hugo, have understood the language of architectural forms. Herein I think the Chicagoans are making rapid strides, for the language of painting and architecture is beginning to be a common language which the poorest mechanic who makes his weekly visit to the Art Institute may understand. It is also well for the city that she has such an art-interpreter as Mr. Fuller, to whom architecture and music are under-studies hardly second in his regard to the art of the novelist. And while most of us still prefer Corot, Troyon, and Millet, to Monet or Hassam, it cannot be denied that Mr. Garland has pleaded the cause of the impressionists with sympathy and insight. The social question as to the adoption of Old World races, which Mr. Fuller has discussed with apparent lightness, and yet with sound common sense in the informal talks at the "Consolation Club" is the most difficult one which Chicagoans must answer. But they are meeting it with a hopefulness which no calamity

can daunt. They believe in themselves and the future of their city. There is, however, another question which must be answered, before long.

I have watched several periods in the history of San Francisco when it seemed as if Western literature would find a permanent home in that city. Through lack of encouragement the young literary plants found the soil too barren and were transplanted. Will it be so with Chicago, or will she have strength and vitality enough to support her own writers at home? If she will rise to the conception that Chicago is to be not alone the business center but the literary and artistic center of the West, her future need trouble no one. It can no longer be questioned that there are writers enough to successfully establish a literary center in Chicago, but where may be found the leader to crystallize their work into a harmonious whole!



LULLABY.*

BIRDS in their nests are softly calling,
 The dew is falling, the day is done.
 Over the hill come night winds creeping,
 To lull thy sleeping, my little one.
 Far in the sky gleams the golden crescent,
 With motion incessant she swings on high,—
 A golden hammock for angels' swinging,
 While softly singing a lullaby.

*Then swing slow, sing low,
 Droop little head in thy slumber deep;
 Breathe low, breezes, blow,—
 Zephyrs that bring on drowsy wing
 Sweet sleep.*

Down in the grass, the folded clover,
 With mother-leaf over, lies warm and deep.
 Stars in the blue that lightly hover
 Shine brightly over, to guard thy sleep.
 Come happy dreams, from your home in heaven
 This midsummer even, and hover nigh,
 While baby and I in our hammock are swinging
 And softly singing a lullaby.

*Then swing slow, sing low,
 Droop little head, in thy slumber deep;
 Breathe low, breezes, blow,—
 Zephyrs that bring on downy wing
 Sweet sleep.*

Grace Mitchell.

* Awarded the Original Poetry Prize in THE MIDLAND'S October competition.

JAPANESE WOMEN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

BY LUCETTA H. CLEMENT.

ONCE again in the land of Japan—the land of mists and shadows, as well as of radiant sunshine. As I pass along, familiar scenes and familiar sights greet the eye and ear. The delightful novelty of a first visit to this dreamland comes back to me through the vista of years, and once again I am under the irresistible charm of life in the Orient. The same Japanese sun with its soft witchery pours its beams upon me from a sky of wondrously luminous blue, so translucent that one almost unconsciously seeks to penetrate to the mysteries of the beyond, and yet the magical effect of distance makes the sky seem at such great height that the gaze is lost as in infinite space. But even after the delusion vanishes, the enchantment still remains.

The strange fascination of this people may be ascribed to various causes. No doubt the originality of the thronging masses of people, the picturesqueness of the streets full of strange devices that

seem to smile or grimace alternately,—from the backs of the laborers, on signboards, door-posts, or wheresoever the Japanese and Chinese ideographs meet the eye,—all go to make up an alluring picture.

And then in a greater degree, perhaps, the simplicity and kindlier impulses, the courtesies and innocent superstitions of the common people add much to the interest the visitor has in them.

But even this indescribable charm is not potent enough to dispel the shadow that rests upon the social life of the Japanese, and which extends to a certain extent to the life of foreigners whose residence is in this otherwise favored land. No European or American can remain long in Japan without being pained at the deplorable position of woman in this country. Even the little that can be learned of her inner life is sufficient to show the subordinate place she occupies socially and intellectually even now, after



AN OLD-STYLE SCHOOL.



THRESHING RICE.

a score of years of Christian enlightenment.

Notwithstanding Japan's marvelous opening to the world of her arts, manufactures, commerce, and the opportunities given to study these; rich as she is in ancient records of all that pertains to her external affairs; abounding in traditions and legends of her famous warriors and heroes—all that we may know which relates to women is very meager. It is difficult to obtain reliable information of their public or private lives in the past, or trace the various gradations through which they have come to be what they are in this Nineteenth Century. Enough can be gleaned, however, to show that several important epochs have marked their lives, and we find the varying light and shade of barbarism and civilization running through the ages. But it appears quite certain that none of the strict moral code and precepts, or laws of education, regarding women of later days seem to have existed, or at least to have been in force, in the days of antiquity, nor even down to historic times.

For, be it said to the credit of the nation, in the early centuries, and away back in the legendary period, women

were highly educated and greatly esteemed by men, and were considered the equals of husbands and fathers. In courage and bravery they ranked with heroes, were very influential and played conspicuous parts in the annals of their country.

Leaving the Divine Ages, when gods and goddesses ruled the land, we come down to the so-called Human Ages, and we find that women assumed the reins of government and sat upon the throne even of Dai Nippon (Great Japan). And it is said they ruled the empire with wisdom and justice.

From ancient records we read that ten women became sovereigns, reigning during the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Centuries; although two of these Empresses held the crown when the actual power of government was in the hands of the Shogunate.

The most celebrated of these female sovereigns was one who did not assume the regal title, although she exercised all the powers of an empress, and as such her name has gone into history. Chroniclers place her in the last of the legendary period. This woman was the Empress Jingu. She was said to have been

endowed with extraordinary gifts of nature, was of a strong masculine character and of unusual administrative ability, which made her seem born to command. She may be called the Jeanne D' Arc of Japan, for, like the Maid of Orleans, she was distinguished for simplicity, modesty and piety. Like her, also, she had divine revelations and felt that divine voices called her to go and fight for the conquest of unknown lands to the Westward. When she made known to her husband the divine command she had received, he regarded her story as a strange hallucination, and refused to listen to her. But she insisted that the message was from the gods, and began forthwith to organize an expedition for the conquest. Recruiting and shipbuilding began at once, she continually appealing to the gods for aid. When all was ready she donned male attire, took her white banner, and, with a sword and other warlike equipments, she put herself at the head of her army and bade her ships set sail. The gallant expedition was favored by smooth seas and gentle breezes, and the fleet ran safely over the water until it touched Southern Corea. Tradition says that "even the fishes swarmed in shoals

about their keels and carried them on to their desired haven." Here they found a king and a people to receive them, who without any battle or struggle were ready to tender allegiance to the conquerors, and also loaded them with vast wealth and treasures. The expedition returned with these, as spoils of a bloodless victory. Thus was Corea conquered for Japan.

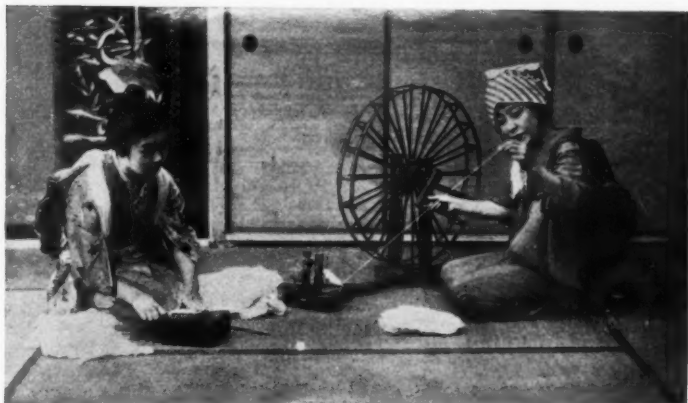
This episode is of double significance just now, when, after an interval of over six centuries, Japan is again seeking supremacy in Corea. Not as then peacefully, but through fierce conflicts and the sacrifice of the blood of her valiant soldiers.

For many hundreds of years women seem to have wielded a powerful political influence with government, and we might with justice add other illustrious names of those whose prudence, wisdom and heroic fortitude have acted like a charm through the long and warlike centuries.

Not alone in the political and military world of this early time do we find women conspicuous, but in the field of literature there were many brilliant women, both in poetry and prose. That they were ambitious to excel is shown by their writ-



WRITING BY AN OLD STYLE LAMP CALLED ANDON.



SPINNING SILK.

ings,—a passage from one of their number is to this effect: "If it be not possible to secure the first rank, be willing to serve; if not, be content with the second or third place." Many were well read in Japanese and Chinese literature, in history and even in the Buddhist Sutras.

One worthy of special mention is Murasaki Shikibu, of the notable family of Fujiwara, which dated back into the earliest times and was of rank about equal to that of the Emperor. She was the author of several famous works which are extant,—and are of undying fame. One of her immortal works was so learned that the Emperor after reading it observed that the authoress must have studied the *Nihonki* or "Japanese Chronicles." She was ever afterward known as the "Maid of the *Nihonki*." Her father often exclaimed, "O, that she were a man."

Others became distinguished for great learning. About this time the Court, feeling their power so firmly established, became absorbed in luxurious extravagance, and literature declined. But the court ladies continued to feel great pride in competing in wit and humor; "and they not infrequently teased their gentlemen colleagues by asking such learned questions as required great erudition to answer."

One woman writer became a famous critic and wrote a treatise on the poems of the Imperial collections. Others aided greatly in the development of the Japanese language.

These ages seem surely to have been the renaissance period for women as well as for men; and, as a Japanese woman of the present time expresses it, "they [the women] were not a whit inferior to their literary brothers."

The more feminine graces of music, painting, chirography and the art of decorating were among the accomplishments of all. Not even sewing, dyeing, weaving and cookery were forgotten, but all were practiced by the highest as well as the lowest. They mingled freely in social gatherings, where, by their grace of manner, gentleness, beauty and charming wit, they were greatly admired.

But the condition of women seems to have declined rapidly after the introduction of Chinese manners and institutions and Buddhism. The powers of State rapidly drifted into the hands of the military class, and with this dates the completion of the dual government and the feudal system which had remained in force for seven centuries,—till 1868,—a period of three hundred years.

During the Tokugawa age—the reign of the tyrant lords of Japan—the women

were kept down, "for fear that their influence, which had been so powerful in past ages, might dash the whole nicely balanced structure into pieces." Her education, and all interests pertaining to her, were utterly neglected, and woman was thenceforth relegated to a condition of slavery to man.

Unlettered warriors took to the rearrangement of society,—the Confucian doctrine ("women under men") gained great ascendancy, and the teachings of Buddhism prevailed. These taught that women are greater sinners than men; that women can only be taken to Paradise by being changed to men; that they must look upon their husbands as heaven itself; that their great life-long duty is obedience to the masculine dictates. Permitting her even to live was almost a condescension. We are told that it was "the custom of the ancients, on the birth of a female child, to let it lie on the floor for the space of three days."



TEMPLE DANCING WOMAN.

From such a degraded idea of woman grew the severe code of laws which were enforced during long, weary and stormy centuries. Girls were never permitted to forget the iron grasp in which they were held, for from early childhood they were compelled to use daily as a copy-book one called "*Onna Daigoku*,"—a book on the system of education of girls, by one Ekken, and based upon the books of Confucius, and in which was the famous code of "*Obediences for Women*." The common term for education, "*Shitei no kyoiku*" excluded girls, as it means the education only of "the son and younger brother," in other words, only the males of the family.

With the influence of women sunk so low, who can wonder that Japan has made so little advancement in assigning to woman her proper place in the Empire! But with the Restoration of 1868, began the period "*Meiji*"—"Enlightened Rule" of the Emperor Mutsuhito. With this will come also the "*Revival of Letters*," and, let us hope, the emancipation of women from the oppressions of feudal times. The leaders in civilization have learned that they cannot raise half of a nation and let the other half act as lodestones to drag them back to barbarism. The existence of such laws proves the necessity of legislation prompt and strong. Not a few, however, of the bolder women have braved public opinion and stepped out from their cloister-like lives, and nature, which is stronger than man, has in their cases proved that women are amply qualified to compete with men.

As yet, prejudice and custom are but little overcome. Even in 1890, Professor Chamberlain said, "The greatest duchess, or marchioness, in the land is still her husband's drudge. She fetches and carries for him; bows down humbly in the hall when my lord sallies forth, and waits upon him at his meals and eats not with him. The

woman may still love and serve,—she is not expected to know.”

About the same date I was a daily spectator of such scenes as this quotation suggests. I was living directly across the street from the residence of the Governor of — province. Every morning His Excellency's carriage—a large barouche and a span of spirited horses, with coachman, body-servant and footman, all in livery—drove to the Executive Mansion. Instantly the entrance doors slid aside and then, kneeling at the right were the wife and daughter, while on the opposite side were three or four servants. As the sound of the Governor's footsteps came through the house, every head went to the floor and remained there till “my lord” was seated in his carriage. Not until he had passed out of the gate could the kneeling servants rise. The same performance was gone over when “Okaeri,” the signal of return, rang out through the air. Four times a day was this repeated, and with a lordly air the husband and father passed out and in without so much as a nod of recognition to wife or daughter.

This man was a Liberal and progressionist; but, such was the power of tradition and custom that kindness, even, was lost in the love of himself, as *man*! Yet when “the foreigners” were invited to his house, both wife and daughter were allowed places at the table with them and the daughter even took her share in entertaining them by music on the *Koto*.

The wife of a peasant or merchant is much nearer to her husband's level than is the wife of the Emperor or Prince. No great gulf is spread between the farmer and his wife. Side by side they till the soil, side by side they push and pull at the same cart—she with blue trousers on, and tucked up skirts, identically like the man. But when evening comes, the mother and the baby are put into the cart



COUNTRY MAIDEN.

and the father draws them home. The father, too, will even assist at the evening meal. Such little attentions as these make the woman much happier than the wife of a noble, who spends her life in the seclusion of her home, with no companions but her retinue of ladies-in-waiting and servants,—never the sharer of her husband's cares or duties and seldom of his love. She must ever be ready cheerfully to receive his concubine into her house, and to adopt the children of such, who often outrank even her own children. By the same law, the real mother is thenceforth no more to her child than the other servants of the household, and never sees it until the thirtieth day, when she goes with them to pay her respects to her master.

A law, however, has been recently promulgated which, if enforced, will in time eradicate this evil. By it, no child



EMPRESS HARU KO.

of a concubine can succeed to a noble title; and the heir to the throne must henceforth be the son not only of the Emperor, but of the Empress as well. Thus the light of a better future is beginning to dawn for the women of Japan.

Another and more significant fact is that with the promulgation of the Liberal Constitution in February, 1889, the Emperor publicly placed his wife upon his own level, when in a grand procession through the streets of His Imperial City, he allowed the Empress for the first time to ride at his side in the coach; also to sit at the same banqueting table with His Majesty!

This was a very gracious act on his part, and these old feudal bars of oppression once let down can never be put up again. During the last twenty or twenty-five years schools for the better education of girls of all classes have been established. The first and most notable epoch of this kind, however, was the opening of Mission Schools by Christian women from America and Europe. These were as an entering



GEISHA—DANCING WOMEN.



HOUSE SALUTATION.

wedge into the old manner of educating girls. The Christian doctrine of the worth of women as mortal and immortal beings, and the self-sacrificing lives of these consecrated women, awoke a like ambition in many Japanese women, and they set themselves to study how they could enlighten and elevate their own sex. Assisted by government they secured an education, some of them abroad, and they are now occupying places of trust in the native schools, as well as in medicine

and in business. A former court lady is at the head of the Peeresses' School, which is a large and flourishing institution.

But, amid all this galaxy of reformed, and reformers of, Japanese women, there are none more noble, none more beautiful and lovely in character, than the Empress herself. She is the patroness of several schools, visits them, offers prizes for higher scholarships and encourages every step in the advancement of her sex. She speaks several foreign



MODE OF WASHING.

languages, is a fine artist and a poetess of much merit. Hospitals for the poor have been built and equipped by her own munificence. By self-denial and strict economy in her own personal expenses she has bestowed upon the Tokyo Charity Hospital the liberal sum of over 8,000 yen. This hospital is free to all the lowest classes. In her frequent visits to the children's ward, she takes with her toys, which she distributes among them with her own hand. In this way and many other ways she has endeared herself to her people and found

a home in the hearts of the poorest of her subjects.

Since the opening of the war with China, she has gathered her court ladies around her and with them she has spent much time in preparing lint and bandages for the supply of hospitals for wounded soldiers.

Thus we see the Empress Haru Ko eminently fitted to be the leader of her country-women to far greater achievements in the fields of art, science and literature in the bright future that is opening to them through Christian civilization.

AN EARLY TIME.

HAVE you forgotten, dear, the bright hearth's glow,
 In days we planned our life in hopeful smiles?
 Don't you remember, love, the suns were low,
 And cold December blasts were at their wiles,
 And sledge-bells tinkled forth their silv'ry tune,
 And soft blue wraiths of smoke trailed high above
 The maples and the willows near the rune
 Whereby we romped and first avowed our love?

Does recollection bring all back to you,
 And wake your mem'ry with that fragrant day
 When your sweet lips were fresh and crisp as dew
 Upon the nut-brown clovers in the hay?
 Noons of sunshine! Nights all laughing stars!
 And all the earth entrancing with the strain
 Of faint, wild harmonies, attuned in bars
 Of Autumn zephyrs, playing through the grain?

As Time reëchoes fondly back that joy
 Of our glad summer in that early time,
 When you were "Doe" and I—well I the boy
 Who often led you through the mint and thyme,
 Just as the sun in glory kissed to life
 A rare June day—of Daphne, fair, begot?

I ask: "Do *you* remember?"—you—*his* wife!—
 For *I*—if I remember—have forgot!

Harry Wellington Wack.

A PATCH OF BARBARISM.

BY SAMUEL B. EVANS.

IN a paper contributed to the International Congress of Americanists at Paris in 1890, the author of this sketch made some observations as to the persistency with which races of men adhere to certain inborn qualities. "There are races of men," he said, "inimical to civilization, and in this Nineteenth Century are struggling against its approach as they have been from the time history was carved in stone or imprinted on the cylinders of Babylon. The ancient Eastern civilizations perished, but the barbarians remain, preserving with fidelity the rude customs of their forefathers, and warring still against the ideas which their ancestors fought with a persistency that speaks well for that quality, if for nothing else, that is theirs. If one should search for the marks they have made on the earth's surface, the search would be vain; their mission is to destroy, not to build; to burn, not to create; they made no monuments in the past; they are making none now; they never will make any; it would be as reasonable to expect that coneyes would grow into dam-building animals like beavers, as to believe that a child of the desert would, of his own free will, develop into a builder of cities." The same stubborn persistency in the ways of nomadic life belongs to the American tribes. The European has known them nearly four hundred years, and with slight variations, brought about by abnormal conditions, they preserve the traits they displayed when Columbus first encountered them. An example is brought to mind: A fragment of a tribe holds a reservation in the midst of a populous state, where four hundred individuals of the race

are surrounded by the appliances and inventions of the age; and yet, with all the influences that contact with high civilization affords, these lingering relics of a barbarism that once held a continent within its folds adhere rigidly as they may to the customs, religion, modes and superstitions of primitive life.

It is of these people and the patch of barbarism they maintain that this paper is written, and it is a strange fact that less is known of them than the general reader knows of some of the tribes of interior Africa. An occasional newspaper paragraph appears that alludes in a mere perfunctory way to the Musquakie In-



MA-TAU-M-QUA.

The old Chief of the Sac and Fox Tribes, 85 years old.

dians; but the business, literary and social world is ignorant of a state of things existing in Iowa that is an anomaly in the history and development of civilization and a most striking illustration of the strength and potency of inherited barbaric traits.

In the southern part of Tama County, about four miles from Tama City and near the same distance from Toledo, there are over four hundred and fifty Indians, four hundred of whom are of the once powerful Sac and Fox tribe, and known locally as Musquakies. These Indians do not live on a reservation proper, but reside on lands purchased with their own money and held in trust for them, some by the Governor of Iowa and some by the United States Indian Agent. They own nearly three thousand acres of land, acquiring their title by purchase from settlers, and their rights to such land were confirmed by a special

act of the Iowa Legislature, and their location was approved by the Indian department. In 1842 the Sac and Fox confederation ceded their lands in Iowa to the United States government, and in part consideration were given a reservation in Kansas. Some of these Indians became dissatisfied with Kansas, and returned in groups to Iowa and by the year 1855 had squatted along the Iowa River in Tama County. In 1856 the Legislature enacted a law permitting these Indians to remain within the State so long as peaceful, and in July, 1857, they purchased eighty acres of land. From time to time thereafter they added to their original purchase until they now have about three thousand acres. In 1867 they were ordered by the Secretary of the Interior to go to their reservation, but they refused, rightfully maintaining that the State had given them permission to remain, and in 1867 Congress provided

that it should be lawful for them to receive their annuities in Iowa, and the independent fragment has since been recognized as a part of the Sac and Fox tribe. The more powerful branch of the Sac and Foxes of the Mississippi remained on the Kansas reservation until 1842, when they were ordered to the Indian Territory by the government, where they have received lands in allotment, one hundred and sixty acres to each family, besides their annuities. The agent in his last report says that they have shown marked progress in the improvement and cultivation of their lands, building houses and fences and planting orchards and manifesting greater interest in making their homes more pleasant. The census of 1894 enrolled 512 Indians in that branch of the tribe.

It is, however, to the less progressive members of the tribe that we turn with greater interest, to see how their intense love for the land of their nativity led them to brave the orders of a powerful



MUSQUAKIE SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.



SHOWING FRAMEWORK OF A WICKIUP.

government and refuse to abandon their old homes. It is impossible to obtain details of the strategy that was employed by these primitive Iowa patriots to secure their purpose, but it is certain from results accomplished that they were led by a diplomacy of no mean order. Their councilmen, unlettered and unskilled as they were in civilized arts, adopted the best means to gain a foothold; and the policy, rude as it may appear in contrast with the methods of white men, was effective in establishing the Musquakies on Iowa soil with a title and rights as well secured by law as any community of Iowa farmers.

Tama County is situated not far away from the geographical center of the State. There are few acres that are not enclosed and adapted to the use of agriculture; the twin cities of Toledo and Tama are situated but two and one-half miles apart, connected by an electric railway. Trunk lines of railroads extend through the county, and two important roads have right of way through the lands of the Indians. The county is populous, the people partake of the culture of the cen-

tury; school-houses and churches are at all convenient places, and yet, surrounded by these evidences of civilization, there is maintained within the domain of the Musquakies a semblance of savage government, with the modes, customs and superstitions peculiar to them one hundred years ago.

The little patch of barbarism is situated on the banks of the river. The Indian requires wood and water convenient and is moved to his choice by a natural desire for the picturesque and beautiful, and yet his childish thoughtlessness and necessities have caused him to destroy great trees, by skinning them for the purpose of procuring bark for his wickiup.

A visit to the locality during the recent summer was made under the guidance of Mr. Rebok, the United States Agent. It was but a step from civilization to barbarism, as we crossed the track of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway with its splendid equipment, passed through a gate and encountered the small plats of growing corn, the stalks of which were then heavy with the rich and milky

"roasting ears." In the midst of one of these truck patches was a rude shed covered with bark, and beneath the shade was a group of squaws and naked children surrounding a boiling pot, and on a primitive hammock reclined a lord of the forest. The squaws were engaged in drying corn, which was spread out on mats made of rushes that grow in the vicinity. This was not a permanent place of abode, but a place where the corn is dried and made ready for winter use. It was about the noon hour, and the presence of the head of the household is explained by his desire to eat something, for after his stomach is filled with succotash he soon returns to the village on the other side of the river, where he will doze away the afternoon in the cool shade of a rude veranda, erected in front of his wigwam. There is a labyrinth of roads winding through truck patches

and in each one of these small gardens are similar groups of squaws and children, the former industriously drying corn or cooking succotash, brewing strong coffee, or baking bread yellow with saleratus.

Between the fields of corn and the summer villages is a body of forest trees and brush and scattered through this growth are the bent poles of last year's wickiups erected in this sheltered locality to escape the fierce blasts of winter. When the leaves have fallen and the first biting frosts of November have come, the squaws will be busy for a few days in preparing the wickiups, which will be the abodes of themselves and families until spring. The wickiups are covered with bark and matting and meet the Indian idea of comfort by being made small, oval in form, 10 to 16 feet in diameter, and about ten feet in height. When the mats are spread upon the ground, the

various articles of Indian equipment packed closely around the inner walls, an open fire blazing in the center, with the smoke struggling to escape through a hole in the roof, the winter residence of the Musquakie will be complete.

Crossing the river at a shallow ford, we saw a squaw arrayed in the most exaggerated and aggravating style of Bloomerism emerging from a pool of water, and one unaccustomed to Indian habits would be led to believe that she had been taking a bath on that hot, summer day; but this was not the maiden's whim or purpose. She was fishing for pearls in company with a number of her sex and they had cast off what little superfluous clothing they had. The bright turkey-red hue of the garments, spread out over the bushes on the bank of the stream, gave a picturesque bit of color to the scene.

Pearl fishing is a pleasing and sometimes profitable industry carried on by the squaws and young men, and the agent says that a few pearls of beauty and value have



WA-PELLA-KA,
Member of the Musquakie Council.

been found and sold to Eastern jewelers. The pearl is found within the shell of the lowly mussel, and occasionally one is discovered that will sell for as much as fifteen dollars, and then there is indeed rejoicing in the family of the fortunate fisher.

The river is crossed in order to reach the two straggling villages on the plain, that lie immediately south and west from the stream. On this plain or valley the summer wigwams are erected, and these seem to be permanent dwellings. These differ from the winter wickiups in being constructed of, first, a frame-work of poles set firmly in the ground, covering a space of twenty-five by thirty-two feet, and the height of an ordinary one-story building of the whites. This rude frame-work is covered with the bark of trees, and the wigwam covered with the broadest strips of bark is accounted in Musquakie circles as the most aristocratic!

The inner economy is Indian-like and unique. There are platforms of boards and puncheons extending each side of the wigwam, raised about four feet above the level, and these are covered with mats of woven rushes and grasses, and then with blankets. Here the family sleep or repose. An adult Indian in good health may easily climb to the platform, but, for the convenience of the aged or infirm and for the children, notched poles are provided, almost identical in pattern with those found in the abandoned cliff-dwellings of the Southwest, and by the aid of these primitive ladders the Skinneway and Suskisee ascend to their resting places. On these platforms and next to the wall are convenient places for depositing all the trumpery and accoutrements of Indian economy. There will be found an occasional valise purchased from cheap clothing houses or picked up in barter, and these seem in odd contrast to the primitive and genuine



MA-TAU-E-QUA,
The old Chief.

WA-WA-TA-SAH,
An old blind Chief who takes no
active part in the Tribe's Councils.

A Visiting Indian from the Winne-
bagoes in Nebraska.

Indian packing-case or bundle, made of matting or skins, embellished with the peculiar hieroglyphics or picture writing of primitive peoples. Two, three and sometimes four families live in one of these structures.

Leaning against any convenient wall or platform we see papooses, or infants, strapped to boards, where they must stay until they have reached the age when they can walk. The cradle-board was invented by an Indian a long time ago, who thus early was impressed with the maxim that "as a twig is bent, the tree inclines." As the board is supposed to compel the young Indian to be straight in his cradle days, so will he be straight during his lifetime. In one of the larger wickiups in the village we found a lone, sick Indian, his squaw being absent drying corn, and he very ill, his head covered with a blan-

ket and he quite despondent. It was found that he was one of the principal men at a big dog feast the day before; he had exercised violently in the dance and had eaten too much dog. Dances and festivals of a character similar to this are frequent during the summer, especially in the time of green corn, and immediately after the payment of annuities.

This leads me to speak of the singular case of Muck-Qua-Push-E-To, who claims to be the hereditary chief of the tribe and whose place is usurped by the present ruling chief, who is known as Push-E-To-Neke-Qua, who acquired his title and place through a quiet sort of revolution. Muck-Qua-Push-E-To is therefore sullen and disdains to draw the annuity to which he is entitled. He is a sort of Count de Chambord, who might have been King of France had he accepted the tri color of the Bourbons.

There is a curious belief among these people that when death occurs to a member of the tribe, the spirit wanders to and fro, without definite object, subject to

every breeze that blows; it has no resting place and can have none until the ceremony of adoption is performed by surviving members of the family. Any person, a member of the tribe or even Indians of other tribes may be "adopted" by the family, to take the place of the deceased. So soon as adoption is accomplished the spirit of the dead is released and its course is directed westward and to a point where two roads diverge. If the Indian has been good, according to the Indian standard, the spirit is directed to a road that leads to where the sun goes down. This is the Indian paradise. On the other hand, if the Indian has led a wicked life, the spirit is forced to take a broad road that leads to a place of punishment. The graveyards of these people present a weird, uncanny sight. There are two of them, situated on a hillside half a mile apart. The grave is made from one to three feet in depth and then earth is heaped on above the surface until it presents the appearance of an oblong mound somewhat similar in shape to the



A TYPICAL WINTER RESIDENCE.



PUSH-E-TO-NEKE-QUA,
Chief of the Musquakie Indians.

graves of whites. Over this mound is either a pile of logs or a rude structure; in a few instances a wickiup is built over the remains, or a stockade of roughly-hewn boards or slabs. In each grave there are deposited articles used by the deceased during life,—a pipe, strands of beads, a bowl, ornaments, etc.

The presence of Indians from the Sac and Fox reservations in Indian Territory and from other tribes is of itself suggestive. These wanderers go to the Musquakies to escape the restraints of civilization that are laid upon them in the reservations elsewhere. Here repair renegades from the Winnebagoes and

Pottawattamies, to indulge in the license and liberty of barbarism; where they may clothe themselves in Indian toggery and dispense with hats; where they can go naked if they choose, and paint their bodies as their ancestors did, one hundred or five hundred years ago; where they may dance to the monotonous music of the tom-tom or the rattle of gourds; where the wild, free life of primitive man is preserved and the right to enjoy all these things is most jealously guarded.

It will be in place now to introduce the reigning chief, the traditions of his tribe and its internal polity, and I gratefully acknowledge the aid of Mr. Horace M. Rebok, the agent of these Indians, whose intelligent and humane efforts to better their condition will, I hope, be crowned with success. I gather from him the following facts.

But two Indians of the tribe have adopted the citizen's dress and these sometimes appear with blankets in the winter time. Of the whole tribe probably about 250 wear some essential feature of citizen's dress. There are but two or three who habitually wear hats.

There are probably not more than six of these Indians over twenty-one years old who can read the English language at all, and that to a limited extent. About thirty or forty of the men and women under that age can read and write a little, and a few of them fairly well. These Indians have a written language of their own, and the officers of the tribe keep their accounts in the native language.

The tribe is ruled by a council of ten, at the head of which is a principal chief whose name is Push-E-To-Neke-Qua. However, nearly all of the business of the tribe is conducted by three men, and rarely do more than five take an active part in the deliberations of the council. The chief is a shrewd politician and a diplomat of no ordinary ability, who always puts his ear to the ground to hear the wishes of his people, but his word is law. With him thoroughly enlisted, no cause would fail in his tribe, but he is shrewd enough not to unnecessarily cross

the wishes of his people. He is an orator. He frequently delivers addresses in the council in rounded and polished periods.

The oldest member of the tribe is a woman 102 years old. She had two sons in the Black Hawk War, and has two grandsons here who are past middle life. One woman died during the past winter whose age was 112.

The one who in his time has been the blood and iron man of his tribe, is old Ma-Tau-E-Qua, who still abides among his people and is now eighty-five years of age, but has given the exercise of his power almost wholly to Push-E-To-Neke-Qua. Ma-Tau-E-Qua has been the one who has most sternly resisted all encroachments of civilization upon his tribe. His nearest concession to civilization was made last spring when, talking in council about the erection of a school building, he said, "May be,—after I am dead."

The secretary of the tribe is Ash-E-Ton-E-Quot, more familiarly known as George Morgan, who was given the advantage of some education by Agent Davenport, who sent George to school at Davenport, Iowa, for a short time; yet George keeps all his accounts in the Indian language, and takes no pride in knowing how to read or write English.

There are at present 117 children between six and eighteen years of age.

The tribe receives annually a little over \$16,000 from the government in annuities arising from the interest on the principal, derived from the sale of lands in Iowa to the Federal government. This constitutes about fifty per cent of their subsistence.

They have cultivated this year 460 acres of corn, 12 acres of potatoes, 15 acres of beans, 21 acres of oats, 5 acres of squashes, 23 acres of millet. Their live stock consists of 100 horses, 400 ponies, 12 head of hogs, 13 head of cattle, 500 chickens and turkeys. The crops and live stock are owned individually. The land and farming implements are owned by the tribe. A few of the Indians have purchased their farming implements.

They own in all and in common nearly 3,000 acres of land, 700 acres of which are leased to whites. Out of the fund arising from the rent of this land they pay their annual taxes, amounting to about \$700, and keep up repairs of their fences.

The religion of this people does not differ materially from that of other Indian tribes. It is their strong motive, and in it they seem to find their greatest happiness. The adoption and the dog feast are as sacred to them as they were to Black Hawk and his followers, and are practiced unrestricted among them. They believe in four gods, three of whom have been killed by Indians and who now preside over their destinies in the world of spirits. One resides half-way between here and "where the sun goes down," at the forks of the road,—one of which roads, the narrow one, leads due westward to the abode of the good, over which presides another of these gods. The other branch of the road, the wide one, turns to the right, leading to the place of the wicked and is presided over by the third god. Their fourth god is Ke-Che-Ma-Ne-To-Wa, the Great Spirit, whom they worship. They believe that the spirit of their dead does not leave earth until after the adoption of some person into the family from which the deceased has been taken, and hence their adoption. This adoption is merely a religious ceremony and does not imply that the person adopted actually becomes a member of the family. It is attended with a feast, sacred music and sacred dance, an address by one of the principal men of the tribe and the distribution of gifts. At these adoptions the men frequently throw aside all garments except the breechcloth, tattoo their bodies and conduct themselves as nearly in imitation of their ancestors as possible. One of the reasons offered by the old men against education has been that it tends to lessen the interest of the young men in these religious ceremonies. The basis of their prejudices lies in their religion.

There has been maintained for many years a day school at the Agency with one

teacher. It has accomplished little. The objective point to which the Indian Rights Association of Iowa is now working is the erection of an Industrial Boarding School in close proximity to the Indian land, with the purpose of teaching the rising generation the essential features of industry and the elements of education that will enable them to protect themselves against the stronger white civilization.

"We do not intend," says the agent, "to give the Indians a white man's education, but rather to educate them in the practical affairs of life that will enable them as Indians to live better in the situation in which they find themselves. The Presbyterian Home Board of Missions of Iowa erected a mission building about five years ago, at an expense of nearly \$5,000, and for twelve years has maintained a mission among these people.

There are no formal marriages among the Musquakies. They marry Indian fashion, that is, they take up the married life and break it off at their pleasure. There are no formal divorces, but separation of wife and husband is very common. However, for a people living in their environments, it must be said that they are exceptionally virtuous and live well up to their standard or Indian code of morals.

They are a most peaceful people. They do not quarrel with the whites, neither do they quarrel among themselves. Complaints of this kind are rare indeed.

Our exploration of the little pagan country was too soon ended. There is a charm in the uncivilized life that seems to woo one back to the joys that comforted our European ancestors but a few centuries ago. The wild freedom of the woods tempts the fisherman and hunter to forego the pleasures of home and revel for a time in the indefinable felicity that savages find in their everyday lives. There is a strain of barbarism within us all that is quickened by contact with those who have preserved the taint with fanatical zeal and pride of race.

The Musquakie is a survival of all that barbarism which dominated the conti-

nent four hundred years ago, and his proudest boast is that he is an Indian still. To an educated Sioux missionary who came among them preaching the new life, this reply came from the Musquakie chief: "We have heard what you say; we understand; I hope you will be sincere in your new life and continue, but as for us, we are Indians, and will always be Indians! and so in future years when you have traveled all over this country and have seen all the Indians and then come back to us, we will show you by our lives what you were when you were an Indian."

What shall we do with such a people? The answer seems plain: Help them to live in comfort on present lines. Quails and antelope do not thrive in captivity nor would the Musquakies be happy if their tribal relations were dissolved and they compelled to adopt all the white man's ways. Better a group of four hundred living in wickiups on the Iowa River than four hundred more idlers turned loose to live in squalor and sin in the slums of cities, or to become vagabonds and tramps begging for charity over the face of the earth.

IOWA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

BY SARA M. RIGGS.

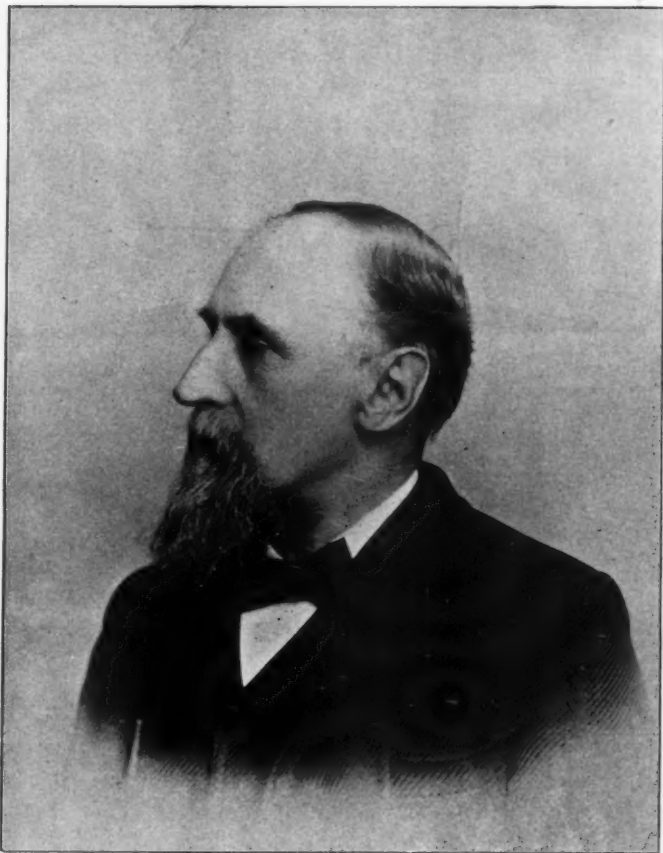
THE Normal School in the United States is of comparatively recent origin, for it is less than sixty years ago that the first institution of this class was established. Since that time more than a hundred such schools have been founded and maintained by the different states, thus showing that this sort of education met an actual need. Not until 1876, however, could Iowa boast of such an institution. At that time, the buildings of the Soldiers' Orphan Home at Cedar Falls were given for the use of the school and it was opened, enrolling about one hundred students the first year.

The school is not in the heart of the city, as one might suppose, but a mile and a half from the business portion. In fact, it has been in the country until recently, when its grounds and the immediate vicinity were incorporated with the city. There is no sightlier place in the county than the hill upon which the buildings stand. It commands a wide view—characteristically Iowan—of gently undulating prairies diversified by groves. The eastern horizon is bounded by the Cedar River, whose banks are skirted by a wealth of trees ever lending beauty to the landscape, whether clad in the varied greens of spring; the red, yellow and brown of autumn; or, stripped

of their foliage, standing bare and gray, merely outlined against the sky.

In consequence of the distance of the school from town, there has arisen in the vicinity a considerable village, "Normalville," as it is familiarly called. This is composed principally of boarding houses and halls. Several of the professors have made their homes here, too, thus removing to some extent the boarding-hall aspect that the hill might otherwise assume. The President's cottage, a handsome brick building, adorns the campus on the north. There are at present but two buildings devoted to the use of the school; a third will be ready for use next term. North Hall, the "old building," is devoted to the training, and to the preparatory, department, as well as to recitation rooms; Central Hall, the "new building," to library, museum and recitation rooms; South Hall, to recitation rooms.

The purpose of the school is a technical one—that of educating teachers. It seeks to give such training, both scholastic and professional, as will fit the graduates to go back to the country schools or to the graded schools of our cities and raise the standard of elementary education. To prepare for the higher ranks of teaching is not the chief aim, but that it



HON. HENRY SABIN,

State Superintendent of Public Instruction and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the State Normal School.

does so is demonstrated by the fact that in many of the high schools of our state are found Normal graduates who, in the character and efficiency of their work, hold equal rank with college-trained teachers. But I do not need to eulogize the Normal School, or plead its cause; its reputation is established; my object is rather to give a picture of its student life.

To one whose actual experiences date back into the early eighties, the present shows many changes. There was then

but one building, and one course of study; there were no laboratories for work in Physics, Chemistry or the Natural Sciences; there was no Athletic Association, no Military Department, no Christian Association. With three buildings, six courses of study, and various societies and associations for culture and development, there is not to-day a more earnest, painstaking spirit than was seen in the old days of fewer opportunities. The changes have been gradual, and yet, to any "old student" who has



Hon. E. R. Moore.
Professor D. S. Wright.
Hon. I. J. McDuffie.

Hon. J. W. Satterthwaite.
President H. H. SERLEY.
Hon. J. W. Jarnigan.

Hon. W. W. Montgomery.
Professor M. W. Bartlett.
Hon. E. Townsend.

THE PRESIDENT, HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE IOWA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

not watched them, the Normal of the present would hardly seem like his Alma Mater.

The students of to-day are met by a reception committee, who, although strangers, prove indeed friends in aiding the new-comers to find boarding-places,

and in initiating them into the ways of Normal life. That bugbear to the students of long ago, that barrier to all happiness until it was passed,—examination for entrance,—is now almost unknown, for this is secured through certificates from the county superintend-

ents or through graduation from a high school.

The student having entered, what next awaits him? Work, work, work; yes, and plenty of it. He now begins to realize that the Normal School is not designed for play nor to give merely a smattering of the subjects presented upon its curriculum. Normal Schools everywhere are proverbial for doing a great deal of work in a short space of time, and the Iowa Normal is not altogether an exception; yet, although such is the fact, the thoroughness and excellent quality of the work cannot be questioned. Hand

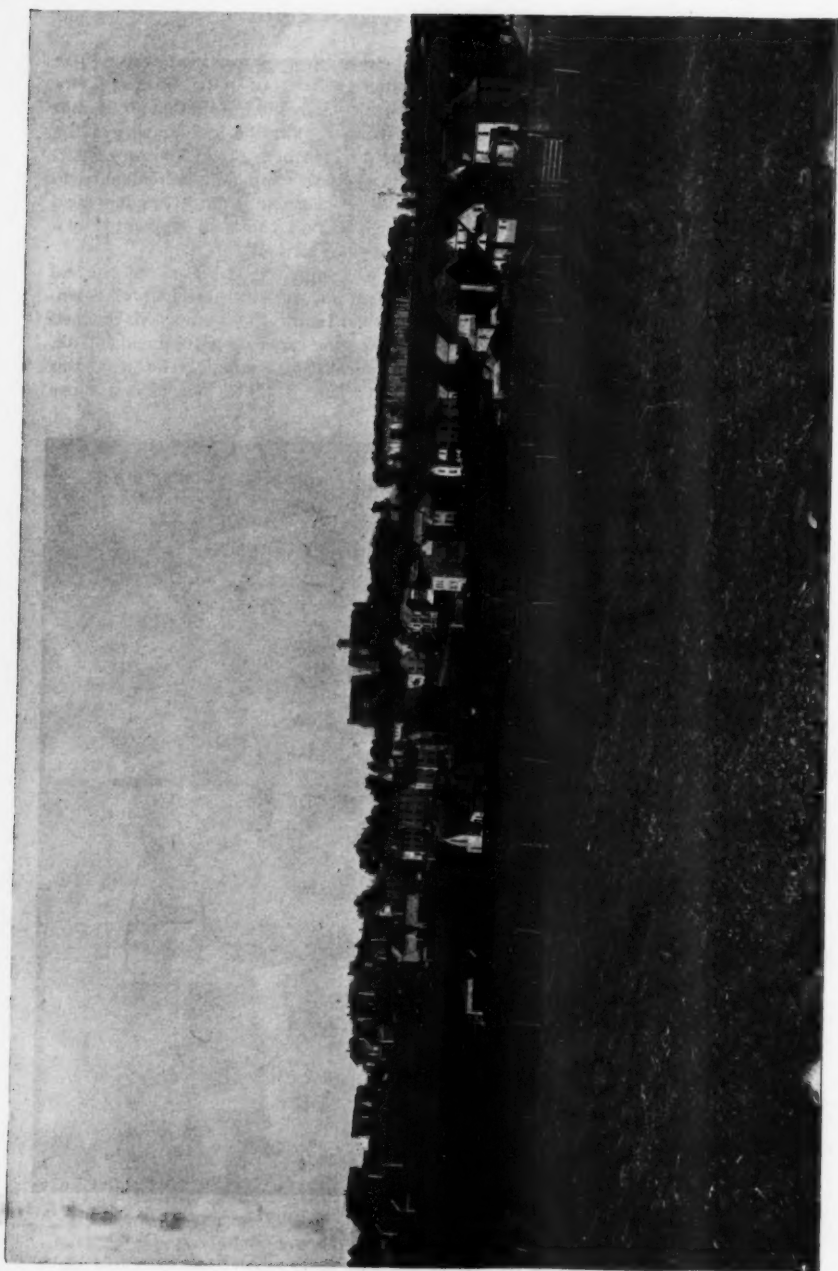
in hand with the imparting of the subject matter goes that of method. Right here in justice it should be said that no attempt is made to kill the individuality of the would-be teacher; on the contrary, effort is made to develop that individuality, to guide it according to correct pedagogical principles rather than to supplant it by a "machine method."

The dominating spirit of the Normal student is work,—earnest, faithful, downright hard work. One often feels inclined to ask if he cares for amusements at all, so thoroughly imbued is he with this spirit; but it takes not a very close



Albert Loughridge. Etta Suplee. Ida L. Schell. Nellie B. Wallbank. A. C. Page.
L. W. Parish. Margaret Baker. Anna E. McGovern. A. W. Rich. M. F. Arrey.
G. W. Samson. Major W. A. Dinwiddie. Marion McFarland.

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY OF THE IOWA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.



NORMAL HILL, CEDAR FALLS.

observer to discover that, like his college friends, he knows that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

And opportunities for amusement are not lacking. Athletics have never been very conspicuous, for, in fact, until within a few years no attention was given them. In 1892, not to be outdone by its college neighbors, the Normal organized an athletic association, under whose direction the usual games are provided. This next year there will be four departments,—baseball, football, gymnasium and track-team. Three annual field-days have been held and several inter-collegiate baseball games have been played. An interest has thereby been aroused, which, it is safe to predict, will not soon die out. Under the direction of the tennis association, courts and apparatus have been provided, and in spring or fall the campus is enlivened by groups of merry players engaged in this popular sport. In winter, the hill furnishes a fine opportunity for coasting.

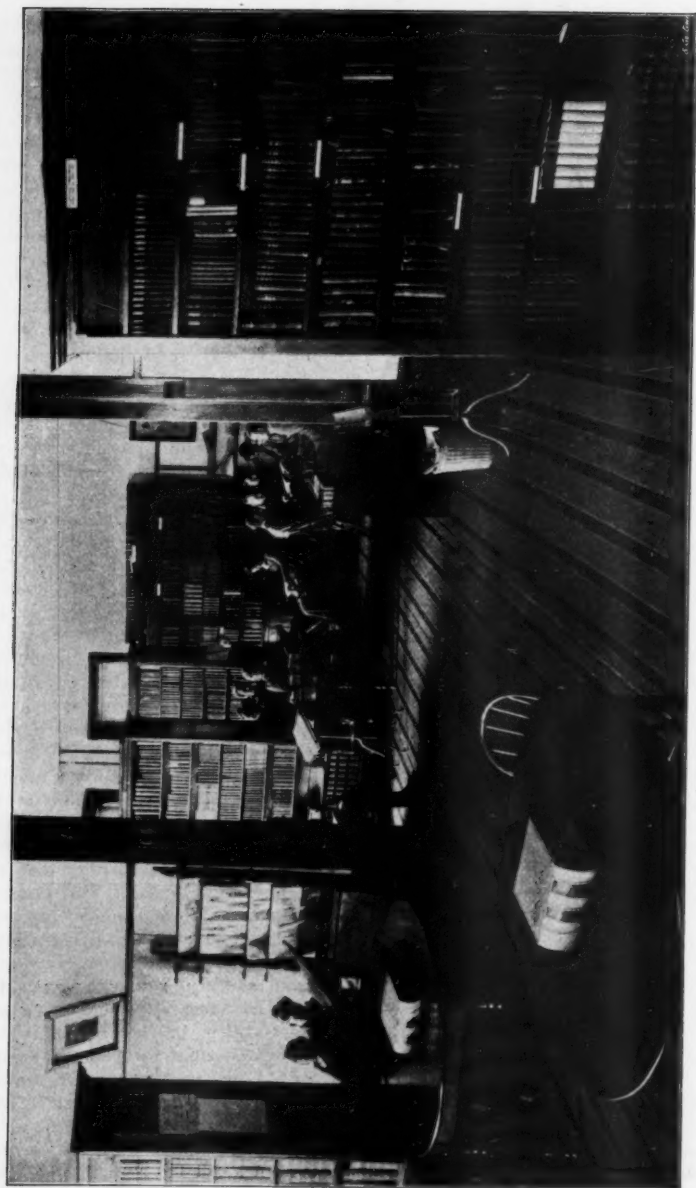
The military department provides exercise, if not sport, for every male student. This is a comparatively new feature of the school, having been organized and put in charge of an officer only three years ago. Since that time, the department has steadily gained both in favor and in the character of the work done. The girls do not, as at Ames, take part in the military drill, but get exercise, and rest from the routine of study, in the physical culture classes, which are also in charge of a special teacher.

There is little opportunity for social life,—a fact greatly to be deplored, since as teachers the students will need the culture that can be gained in no other way than through the medium of society. There has, however, been a marked improvement in this respect, and efforts are being made to provide means whereby the social nature may be cultivated. In this, the school must depend largely upon its own resources, for the distance of the school from town creates a barrier between the two,—a barrier, nevertheless, destined to disappear when the two are connected by an electric railway. Then,

it is safe to say, a better state of social life will develop. One of the pleasantest features of each term is the reception given by the Christian associations to the new students. After the rendering of a short program, all give themselves up to having a "good time," to greeting old friends and forming new ones. The ice is broken now, and the "new student" feels at home. An innovation of recent origin is the extension of social courtesy among the literary societies. The "Aristos" set the fashion by giving a banquet to the "Shaksperians." Like all other fashions, it was soon followed,—the "Alphas" entertaining the "Philos," while the "Philos" capped the climax by entertaining all the others. Such social events are bright spots in the otherwise somewhat humdrum life of the Normal student.

The school, through its lecture association, furnishes several good lectures each year, thus keeping in touch with outside thought and broadening its culture. In this connection, too, there should be mentioned the public programs of the various literary societies. During the year each society gives one, at which time every energy is bent to score a grand success. As these are intended to be indicative of the actual work done, the program consists usually of essays, orations, debates and recitations; occasionally, however, it is enlivened by the production of some scene from Shakspeare or a costume drill by members of the physical culture classes.

Although the Normal student has usually had the reputation of being a law-abiding one, it is possible that, could one be found who would divulge secrets, he might give some very interesting accounts of other, but not so legitimate, amusements. Upon the whole, however, there has always been a comparative freedom from the pranks in which students are wont to indulge. This is no doubt due to the fact that the Normal student, expecting to be a teacher, feels already the dignity of his future office creeping upon him.



INTERIOR VIEW — THE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.



THE NEW CENTRAL BUILDING.

The feeling between classes is of the kindest. There is none of the unpleasantness so frequently prevalent in colleges. To be sure, the senior has sometimes an "I know-it-all" air, as with the confidence begotten of his long residence midst Normal scenes, he sees some "new student" wandering about trying in vain to find the recitation-room in which he is next to recite. But the over-confident air is pardoned, as the senior steps up quickly and helps the "new student" out of his difficulty.

The State Normal School had a share in the "Bahama Expedition," of which an interesting report was given in the article on the State University in the February MIDLAND of 1894. Professor Arey of the Natural Science department accompanied this expedition and, as a result, a museum has been started and an interest awakened in biological research. A direct outgrowth of such interest is the M'Areys Natural History Society, founded to promote the study of

nature and to provide means of becoming acquainted with what has been done in that field of knowledge.

Every student is obliged to do rhetorical work. The high school graduates and all other students above the first year are eligible to membership in the literary societies, of which there are eight—five admitting women; three, men. Although some rivalry exists among these, it is never a bitter one. Occasionally, inter-society debates are held; thereby is aroused a kindly rivalry, which stimulates each to do its best. The work is under the supervision of a special teacher; hence the best possible results are secured.

These gatherings in society are among the pleasantest of our recollections of Normal life. Saturday evening was a gala night, for then all the cares of the week were laid aside. The society bell meant not a call to some new task, but a call to a feast—a literary feast where were served up in the best of style the

substantial food of essay, oration and debate, the lighter food of parody, soliloquy or prophecy, while the whole was spiced with song and quotation.

Religious life is phenomenally active. Strong organizations of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are maintained, and under their direction are held semi-weekly prayer-meetings, where much interest has been shown. Such influences can but lead to higher living, can but fit better for their work those who have come to prepare for the great task of teaching. The world needs true Christian workers; with such in our schools to set the example of pure and noble manhood and womanhood the result must inevitably be the rise of similar workers from whom an untold influence will radiate. Sunday is the busiest of days. In early morning the Bible classes meet; in the afternoon, service is held in the Chapel; following this service is Sunday-school, and in the evening, prayer-meeting. No one is compelled to attend any of these, but such is the interest that comparatively few of those in "Normalville" ever stay away.

Journalism is not altogether neglected. The "Normal Eye" is published weekly under the direction of the Normal Publishing Association, representing four departments—the Alumni, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., Athletic and Exchange. The editors are elected by the societies and the contributions are secured from the students.

Six courses, besides three special courses, are now open to those who come to Normal halls. Effort has been made to suit these to the varied needs of the students, and to present a thorough course of instruction combined with method. Four of these courses are open to high school graduates; two to all that secure entrance. The special courses comprise a professional course for college graduates, and two for primary teachers, one giving especial attention to such kindergarten work as may be

adapted to the public primary school system.

Two degrees are granted—B. Di., Bachelor of Didactics, and M. Di., Master of Didactics, the latter being secured by four years of study, the former by three. A year's credit is given to all high school graduates; hence they secure these degrees by two and three years' study respectively. The seniors of the third and fourth year spend a portion of the last year teaching in the training department. This gives them a practical knowledge of school-room work and enables the faculty to estimate, to a certain extent, their value as teachers.

The rapid development of the school and its present high standard of efficiency are due largely to the wise direction, untiring energy, broad culture, scholarly attainments and strong personality of its president, H. H. Seerley, who was called to this office in '86. In his work he is aided by a corps of well-qualified, efficient teachers, to whom also the school is greatly indebted for its prosperity, since only through good teachers can any school attain excellence.

The Normal School is still in its infancy, and yet it has already sent forth an army of graduates nearly a thousand strong, most of whom are engaged in the profession of teaching. Besides these, there are many others who have attended a term or more, and have gained something of the spirit and method of the school. What the State needs is a larger force of well-trained, thoroughly equipped teachers; not but that there are enough who call themselves such; there are too few of the right sort. That the Iowa Normal has done and is doing much to supply this need cannot be questioned by those who have had the opportunity to test the work done by its graduates. With only limited resources it has already done much to raise the standard of education in Iowa. Greater things even are in store for the State when a higher standard is made possible through better equipment and stronger support.

DECEMBER.

*THE Storm King flings snow fleeces down;
Star-eyed December, drawing near,
Accepts the tribute without fear
And bares her brow for Winter's crown.*

*She whirls the russet leaves aside
With trailing garments dull and gray.—
A shadow steals across the bay,
Then sweeps the night through portals wide.*



"And bares her brow for Winter's crown."

*Gaunt watchmen guard the wind-swept hill,
And point with ice-clad fingers down
Where twinkling lights reveal the town,
Then whistle warnings weird and shrill.*

*A rabbit, startled, hears the cry
And leaps the hedge with fleeing feet;
A babe awakes from slumber sweet
And moans, though mother-love is nigh.*

*December bends her to the storm,
Nor heeds Old Winter's wrack and wrath;
Though shade or sunshine flood the path
She is content,—her heart is warm.*

Clara Adele Neidig.

MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER.

PROMINENT WOMEN IN WASHINGTON'S SOCIAL WORLD. II.

By JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

MRS. Mary McFerson Foster, the new President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is one of the most popular women in Washington, where she and her distinguished husband, the Hon. John W. Foster, have resided for many years, when not abroad on diplomatic missions or traveling for pleasure. Mrs. Foster has much executive ability, rare tact and dignified and pleasing manners, and makes a very capable and charming presiding officer. She is a charter member of the society, and a "lineal." One great-grandfather, Daniel Read, was a commissioned officer under Washington. Another ancestor, Colonel John Brown, of Massachusetts, fell at the head of his troops, and a third, Captain

Silas Clark, died from wounds received at Monmouth. Her mother's father, Ezra Read, was one of the earliest and most prominent settlers of Urbana, Ohio. Her father was the Reverend Alexander McFerson, of Salem, Indiana, Mrs. Foster's birthplace. She was educated chiefly under the watchful eye of her uncle, Doctor Read, a professor of languages and a noted educator of the young for many years; and to him, no doubt, she owes her proficiency in languages which has been of great advantage to her abroad, and is a pleasure to foreigners who meet her here.

She accompanied her husband to Russia, Spain and Mexico, when he went as Minister to those countries. She made many warm friends while he was Secretary of State, during the latter part of the Harrison administration. No Cabinet receptions were as large as hers. She is a perfect hostess and entertains handsomely, in official or private life.

Mrs. Foster is of medium height and good figure, with a charming face. Her hair is slightly tinged with gray. She has a pleasing voice and most engaging manners. She has two daughters, Mrs. Lansing and Mrs. Dulles, whose homes are in Watertown, New York, and has several pretty little grandchildren of whom she is very proud.



MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, on I street, a few doors from the Mexican legation, is filled with valuable and pleasing souvenirs of their wanderings. Among the paintings are fine modern ones and several from old Mexican churches and convents which are either works of old Spanish masters or excellent copies. There are quaint old mirrors, bits of pottery, idols from various countries, curios from Alaska and Zuni, tiles from the Alhambra, a handsome Moorish desk from Granada and fine old embroideries from different countries, those from China and Japan being especially attractive. Last year, a large music room was added, and among the many things upon its walls are several handsome panels set with precious and semi-precious stones in beautiful colorings and quaint designs, which, like all Japanese pictures, tell interesting stories to those able to read them.

Mrs. Foster has one of the finest collections of fans in this country — some of them three or four hundred years old — and some of the loveliest combs in tortoise shell, ivory and silver, finely carved and ornamented.

Her collection of china, old and new, is beautiful and very valuable, many a bit being worth its weight in gold to the connoisseur.

The library in the Foster home is full to overflowing with interesting volumes in many languages, Spanish predominating. A good many quaint old books, bound with skin and tied with leathern thongs, were found in Mexico. An odd old "Catechism," with annotations in an exquisitely fine hand, came from the Convent Del Carmen, at Toluca, and there are many manuscripts, yellow with age, but well preserved, whose fine and regular lines were penned by hands which have long been dust.

NOT UNAWARE.

SHE treads, apart, the paths of care,
Nor from them knows release;
Yet her calm eyes forever wear
The beauteous light of peace.

In others' weal or woe she lives,—
No thought of self has she;
Her days, like One divine, she gives
To loving ministry.

Her tenderness is wont to heal
The rudest earthly stings;
Who rests in her can not but feel
Enfolded as with wings.

To passing eyes her brows are lit
By her soft silver hair,—
Love ever sees, in place of it,
A halo shining there.

Julia W. Albright.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

TWINKLE AND THE STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY JAMES CLARENCE JONES.

Chat on, sweet maid, and rescue from annoy
Hearts that by wiser talk are unbegulled;
Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy,
The heart-love of a child!

Away, fond thoughts, and vex my soul no
more;
Work claims my wakeful nights, my busy
days,
Albeit bright memories of that sunlit shore
Yet haunt my dreaming gaze.
—Rhyme and Reason.

Once upon a time, I do not know when, and once in some place, I do not know where, there lived a little boy named Twinkle. His hair was golden, his eyes were blue and his teeth were pearly. His proper name was Harold, but his father and mother called him Twinkle because his eyes twinkled so with laughter and merriment. One afternoon his mother told him it was nearly Christmas time. He asked if it would be "after the next Sunday," but his mother said "No." Then he asked if it would be "after the Sunday after the next Sunday," and she said "Yes, it will be the Thursday after the Sunday after next Sunday." "That seems a very long time," said Twinkle. "It will not seem so long when it has passed," said his mother.

Later in the day when he went to drive with his father he noticed that the shop windows were decorated with evergreens and that there were many grown people hurrying out of the shops with mysterious paper packages under their arms. Through a hole in one bundle he was sure he saw the end of a drumstick.

When evening came and Twinkle had been put in his bed and left alone to go to sleep, his head was crowded with Christmas thoughts. He made a plan to buy some beautiful things for his father and mother. He felt he could buy a great deal because his red bank was nearly

filled with pennies. He so enjoyed thinking about these things, and his bed was so warm and soft, that he determined to lie awake all night and think. A little while after this he concluded the night must be rather long to lie awake in, so he decided to watch himself to find when he went to sleep. Now if you have ever tried this you know it is a very hard thing to do. Twinkle thought two or three times that he had caught himself, but he had not, for he found he was really awake every time.

Finally he turned to look out of the window and there he saw a beautiful, bright star shining down upon him through the upper part of the window. He was very much delighted at this, so he roused himself at once and began watching the star to keep himself awake; "for," said he, "when I cannot see the star I will know that I am asleep, and then I will catch myself."

So he lay a long time gazing up into the sky, and the star twinkled at Twinkle, and Twinkle twinkled at the star.

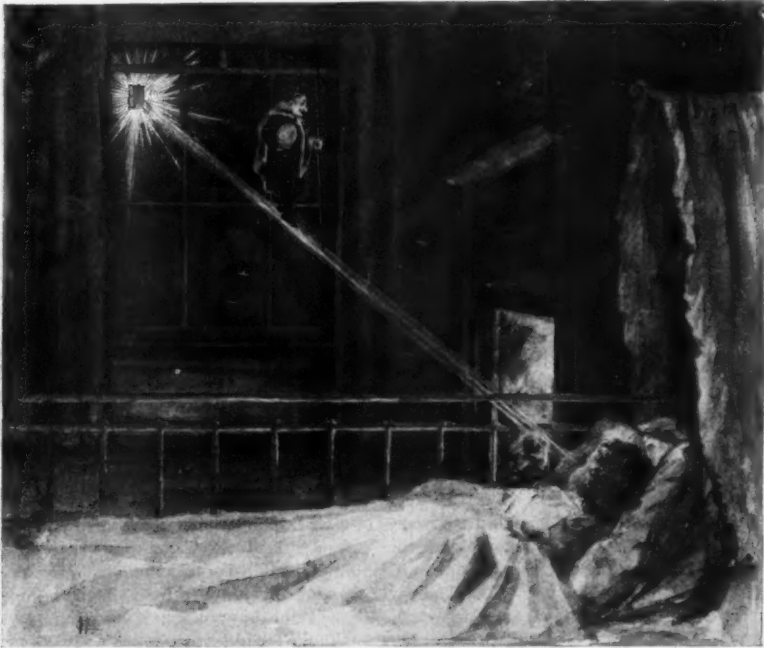
At last a strange thing seemed to happen, so strange that Twinkle forgot all about watching himself. The star rolled over and over in the air and came right down towards the window, growing larger as it came. It stopped when still some distance away, and on the side towards Twinkle a little door flew open and from the door there shot forth a ray of light that fell upon his pillow. Then there stepped forth a little, old man with a long staff in his hand and a bundle under his arm. He had a smooth face, bright eyes and a pointed nose and chin, and Twinkle noticed that he held between his lips a small sprig of evergreen. This looked strange, for he seemed to have no

teeth. The little, old man walked down the ray of light, which made a golden pathway, until he came near where Twinkle lay. Then he stopped and made a bow profound and with a grave manner asked Twinkle if he would not attend the Christmas Tree in the star that night.

"There must be some mistake," said Twinkle. "Christmas will not come till

long staff in one hand and the bundle under his arm. As he ducked his head to catch the falling twig he turned into a puff of smoke and the night wind blew him into the outer darkness.

Now, of course, Twinkle wanted to see that Christmas tree in the star. He was afraid, however, that the golden pathway would not bear his weight. While he



"At last a strange thing seemed to happen."

the Thursday after the Sunday after next Sunday, so how can you have a tree to-night?"

"Tut! Tut!" said the little, old man. "That's the way you do down here. Tut! Tut! It is different up in the star; it is Christmas there to-night."

It seemed difficult for him to keep the sprig of evergreen in his mouth when he said "Tut! Tut!" and at the end of the sentence he nearly dropped it, nor could he help himself much because he had the

was wondering whether to try it or not, a little boy stepped out of the door and came bounding down the golden way, which Twinkle noticed was so springy that the child had only to touch his toe upon it, when he would fly along for some distance without having to touch his foot again. As the beautiful boy came half tripping, half floating, down the golden pathway he sang a strange song Twinkle had never heard before, and at last he stopped on the pillow and

made a bow profound and said, "How do you do, Twinkle? Come up to the Christmas tree in the star to-night."

Twinkle was just going to ask how to walk on the golden pathway, when the little boy turned into a rose-bud and the night wind blew him into the outer darkness. So Twinkle got up and commenced to climb, and found that the golden way held him very well and was much wider than he had supposed.

He had not been climbing long when a little girl came out of the door in the star and descended towards him. As she came she waved a garland of roses about her head and her light feet kept time to a song she was singing:

May you have a Merry Christmas!
May your cares for this year be
Light as gently falling snowflakes
And as softly rest on thee!

May all the cares that come to thee,
In thy future's store of years,
Blow away like downy snowflakes
Long before they melt to tears!

As she passed Twinkle she threw a garland of roses about his head and said, "Come to our court to-night, Twinkle! Come to our court to-night."

Twinkle wondered more than ever, but before he had time to ask any questions the little girl turned into a spray of lilies of the valley and the night wind blew her into the outer darkness, and there was only a sweet fragrance left behind to remind him that the beautiful maiden had passed on the golden way.

Then he turned and journeyed upward towards the star. He walked, and he walked, and he walked, but the further he climbed the further the star seemed from him, until at last he began to cry, for he was getting tired and he knew it was too far for him to go back to his pillow that night and the night wind began to blow fiercely about him.

At last it occurred to him to talk to the star, but he was afraid it would not understand him, for he did not know what to say, until suddenly he remembered some verses from a book that had been given him the Christmas before, so he began to say them:

Twinkle! Twinkle! Little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world—

Suddenly he stopped in amazement, for the star was talking to him. And this is what it said:

Twinkle! Twinkle! Little Twinkle;
How I wonder why you wrinkle
Up your nose so when you cry,
Climbing upward to the sky!

This made him laugh. So he went merrily on and soon reached the door, which he entered. He found himself in a new world of cities and towns and farms and animals and forests and flowers. All the ways were golden ways like the one he had ascended. From one town to another he half walked, half floated in a dreamy delight as he touched his toe from time to time upon the golden paths. The air was soft and perfumed. The birds were bright and songful. The houses were clean and golden. He walked on, and on, and on, through city after city and town after town, until at last he saw coming towards him the little, old man with the sprig of evergreen in his mouth. As he drew near he shouted out in a busy kind of voice, "Heigh-ho! Twinkle! Heigh-ho! ho! ho! Twinkle! How do you do?"

"Very well, I thank you; but where do you come from?"

"I hasten and hasten from pillow to pillow," said the little man. His extremely small size had the effect of making him appear very busy, even though he was not doing much of anything.

When Twinkle strolled slowly along the golden way, the little man by his side sputtered, and swung his arms, and stretched his legs, and blew out his cheeks, and bulged his eyes, but really got over the ground very slowly. When they stood still with nothing to do but look at each other, he seemed as busy as ever as he leaned upon his long staff with one arm and held his cloak over the other and munched away at the sprig of evergreen, which was always in his mouth. When you think of it, it does not seem much of an undertaking to nibble away at a green twig, but it gave the little man

an appearance of being extremely busy as he stood tapping his toe on the ground.

"May I ask who you are?" Twinkle ventured to inquire.

"I am the Chief Staff Officer of the King and Queen of Dream-land Court," was the answer. As he said the word "staff" he shook his long cane so violently that it broke in two pieces and fell on the ground before him.

The little man seemed delighted, because it gave him something to do. He sat down quickly and began to mend it with a piece of his shoe-string.

"Where are the King and Queen?" asked Twinkle.

"Would you like to see them?" inquired the Chief Staff Officer.

"If I may, please."

The words were hardly out of Twinkle's mouth when the busy little man exploded with a bang and turned into a puff of smoke which the wind blew away.

"Dear me!" said Twinkle. The explosion seemed to be a signal to the King and Queen, for he at once heard in the distance the musical rumble of approaching wheels, and soon there came in sight a beautiful golden carriage drawn by four black horses decked in golden harness. As the vehicle approached, he recognized the King and Queen as the boy and girl he had met on the golden way. Behind them on a lofty seat, with his arms tightly folded over his breast, and his body held very straight and stiff, sat the little old man, very busy with his sprig of evergreen. As the carriage stopped the King and Queen asked Twinkle to get in and ride with them. This he did. For a time he cast frequent glances at the Chief Staff Officer, who was so busy sitting up straight and stiff that Twinkle feared he would explode again. He did not, however, and soon he forgot all about the small footman, as he listened to the talk of the King and Queen of Dream-land Court. They seemed to know just what Twinkle liked to talk about. They spoke of picture books and toys and candy and dogs and cats and soldiers and guns and boats and fish and lemonade and drums

and many other things, and they knew all of Twinkle's friends by name. So he had a lovely visit, as the golden carriage bowed softly along the golden roads, past brooks and lawns and trees and flowers.

Finally he reminded them he was looking for the Christmas tree which the King had told him of at the foot of the golden way, and that he had searched diligently for seven days and seven nights but had not yet found it. "And now," he said sorrowfully, "I fear it is too late."

"Not at all," said the King and Queen, "it is Christmas here all the time."

"How delightful!" said Twinkle. "But where is the Christmas tree?"

"Every tree that grows here is a Christmas tree," they answered.

Twinkle looked quickly to the fields and saw that all the trees were evergreens covered with beautiful ornaments and hung full of mysterious looking bundles. Through a hole torn in one package he felt sure he saw the end of a drumstick.

"There are presents on the tree for all who want them," said the Queen.

"Is there one for me?" asked Twinkle. "Certainly."

"I would like to get it, please," he said.

The horses were at once drawn up, and Twinkle got out and ran to the nearest tree and, taking down the first bundle he came to, he carried it to the roadside and began to open it, while the King and Queen looked on. He was surprised to find the package addressed to "Master Harold Twinkle." It took him some time to undo the numerous pieces of string, and remove the many wrappers folded about the present. Finally he opened the last paper, and there, lying in the center of the package, was the little old man with the evergreen twig in his mouth. He laughed merrily up at Twinkle and said, "Heigh-ho-ho-ho! here I am again!"

"How disappointing!" said Twinkle, "I supposed this package held a present for me."

"That's all right," said the little man, "I have your present in my pocket."

"What is it, please?" asked Twinkle.

"What do you want?" was the answer.

"I would like a drum," said Twinkle.

The Chief Staff Officer put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a drum larger than himself and handed it to Twinkle with a bow profound, and at the same time inquired, "What more do you want?"

"I would like a dog," was the answer.

"Candy, wooden or alive?" asked the strange little man.

"Alive, please."

"Large or small?"

"Very large, thank you; but not cross."

The little man put his hand in the same pocket, and drew out a dog much larger than Twinkle. The handsome creature ran to him and put his head in his lap and looked up with his large, beautiful eyes, as though he wanted to say, "Twinkle, I am your dog; please pat me on the head."

So Twinkle patted him on the head.

"Do you want something more?" asked the staff officer.

"I believe I have all I can manage, thank you," said Twinkle, as he took the drum in one hand and grasped the dog by the ear with the other.

Just then the King and Queen bade him good-bye, saying they had many other guests to look after, and drove away, leaving him alone with the little old man. Twinkle was getting more and more curious. At last he ventured to inquire, "Can you be in more than one place at the same time?"

"Time has no power over me," said the Chief Staff Officer of Dream-land Court. "I can be in as many places as I wish at the same time, and I can turn myself into any shape I please. Do you want to see me do it?"

"Do you have to explode every time you make a change?" asked Twinkle.

"No, I can slump," said the Staff Officer.

"Will you please slump into a Grif-folif?"

That was the name of an animal in one of his favorite fairy stories, and he

wanted to see what it looked like. The little man at once began to fall apart slowly, and when the pieces came together again, behold there was a Grif-folif! Then the Grif-folif fell apart, and, when the pieces came together again, there was the little man with the evergreen twig in his mouth.

"I think you had better explode next time," said Twinkle.

"I can change as fast as I please," said the little man, and, without waiting to be asked, he exploded into more than a hundred different shapes a minute, so fast that the astonished Twinkle could hardly catch a glimpse of each, and at the end there stood the little old man with the evergreen twig in his mouth.

"That's enough, thank you," said Twinkle.

"I can not only be in more than one place at the same time," said the Chief Staff Officer, "but I can give you the same power. You are both here and in your bed at home," said he, pointing through the door of the star down the golden way.

Twinkle looked and, sure enough, saw himself lying in his own bed at the foot of the golden way.

"And what is more," he continued, "I can lift you out of the power of time. How long do you suppose you have been here?"

"Seven days and seven nights," said Twinkle, "and this is the morning of the eighth day."

"You have been here," said the little, old man, drawing out his watch and looking at it carefully,—"you have been here just thirty seconds. And now it is time for you to go. Off with you down the golden way."

"But I don't want to go yet," answered Twinkle.

"Heigh-ho-ho-ho! you must, you know! Off with you!"

But Twinkle began to struggle with the little man. The Staff Officer was surprisingly strong for his size, however, and slowly pushed him towards the sloping way. Just as he felt himself slipping,

slipping, over the edge of the doorway, he threw both his arms tightly about the little man and held him, and together the two slid rapidly down the golden way, passed through the window, and landed with a bump in Twinkle's bed. He held the Staff Officer fast and called for his mother to come and see. They were still struggling when his mother entered the room.

"Look! Look! Mamma, at this little old man," said Twinkle, squeezing his arms tightly together.

Just then the Staff Officer seemed to turn very soft and to lie perfectly still.

"My dear," said his mother, "what makes you hold your pillow so tightly?"

"Dear me!" said Twinkle, "he has slumped again." He looked out of the window and saw the star shining down upon him, but the golden pathway had been withdrawn.

"Have you been asleep, Dear One?" asked his mother.

"I've been to Dream-land Court," said Twinkle.

He slept soundly through the rest of the night, and rose the next morning, and slept again the next night, and rose the morning after,—and so on, and on, and on, until he had slept and risen for more than sixty times three hundred and sixty-five nights and mornings, but he never visited the star again. When he grew up he had children to whom he often told the story of the golden way. When his children grew up and had little boys and girls of their own, who were Twinkle's grandchildren, he would tell them stories whenever they asked him. Sometimes when they gathered about him he would lean forward in his chair, and rub his hands together, and say, "Well! Well! What story shall I tell you now?" When he said that, they would always answer, "Tell us the story of the Chief Staff Officer of Dream-land Court."

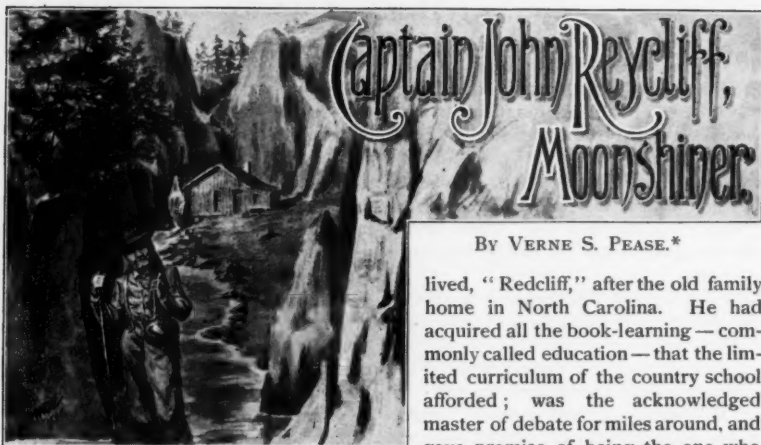
After a long time Twinkle died, and his children and grandchildren buried him in the churchyard near his bedroom window, and the star still twinkles over his grave.

A VISION OF LIFE.

I SAW a mighty caravan with slow
 Steps move across a bare and wind-swept plain;
 As wave crowds wave upon the tossing main,
 So each his brother drove with threat and blow.
 Far in the west the mist hung thick and low,
 Yet on they moved, and none turned back again;
 Eastward, from purple shades swept on the train—
 Whither or whence no watching eye might know.

Long gazed I on the soft and shrouding mist
 Which wavered, thinned, and almost drew aside,
 With hues which changed from gray to amethyst,
 And portals which held fast the living tide.
 Nor knew, until I felt its folds touch me,
 That I was one of that strange company.

Ninette M. Lowater.



BY VERNE S. PEASE.*

IN HIS early manhood John Reycliff bore some marks of good breeding. Down in the hill country of Middle Tennessee, where he was born and reared, he was called aristocratic; not that he carried a higher head than his associates, but because he seemed by nature to possess in a bountiful degree those indefinable yet unmistakable qualities that bespeak gentility.

His appearance, on first sight, was not prepossessing. His erect carriage and determined manner — characteristics not often seen among the inhabitants of that section — came so easy and natural as to attract no notice, and did not even serve to draw attention from his homespun suit and slouched wool hat. But a more careful study of his features and habits discovered in the frank blue eye, — not flashing but steady and meditative, — the square-set jaw, the resolute, well considered step, a character of inflexible and predetermined purpose.

His family came more than a century ago from North Carolina, a thriftless offshoot of an ancient cavalier race, which through generations of poverty and inaction had come to represent that most deplorable estate of humanity — quality gone to seed. The only shred of that once lofty ancestral pride that had escaped moral dry-rot found expression in calling the little valley in which the Reycliffs

lived, "Redcliff," after the old family home in North Carolina. He had acquired all the book-learning — commonly called education — that the limited curriculum of the country school afforded; was the acknowledged master of debate for miles around, and gave promise of being the one who should lead his family out of its social and intellectual darkness back to that high plane which the force of heredity made it possible, almost necessary, that it should occupy.

All things considered, John Reycliff was looked upon as the most promising young man in the neighborhood, and it was regarded somewhat natural that he should love Hester Markham, the prettiest girl in all those parts. Her family was of Puritan stock and came, several years back, from some New England state to the hill country, where her father sought the health-giving air and waters of that blissful middle climate and, rumor had it, a refuge from the complications that often follow business disaster. From the first the Markhams had been well received, and Hester's pretty face and frank, independent manner won the admiration of the whole community. Her voice led the choir in the old log church at Laurel Ridge, and, as she had received in early life unusual advantages in schooling, she was made teacher in the little school attended by all the children for miles around.

Even here slavery was, at that time — early in the year 1861 — the absorbing topic of conversation and controversy; but as no slaves were owned, except in Lawrenceburg, the county seat, it was a

* Awarded the Story Prize in THE MIDLAND'S July Competition.

matter of sentiment or principle rather than of personal interest, and consequently reached no very high state of excitement. The two factions were about evenly divided, old Silas Reycliff leading the slavery sympathizers while Samuel Markham was the recognized exponent of the free-soilers. Both were well grounded in their respective beliefs, from rearing rather than convictions, and each was armed with the stock arguments and scriptural quotations of his party. But these differences of opinion and sentiment led up to no breach of friendship, so long as their parties confined the warfare to words, and all looked forward to a lasting union of the families by the marriage of Hester to John Reycliff. The fond parents on both sides had planned that this marriage should be celebrated at an early day and that the young people should settle down upon a small patch of land, about midway between the parental homes, and continue the quiet life of the backwoods farmer.

But this arrangement was summarily modified, for John Reycliff had already felt the inspiration of long-buried hereditary ambition and had determined to make for himself, and his bride to be, a better place in the material outside world. He knew little of the turmoil of the busy world, yet he longed for a place in its very vortex. The sheer, rock-faced bluffs, that encompassed the narrow valley in which several generations of Reycliffs had lived and died, seemed to press in upon him until his swelling heart could scarcely throb between their narrow limits. The red, rebellious soil of the steep hillsides, with its stunted growth of corn and tobacco, but prolific in cankerous sedge, promised little to his reaching ambition in worldly affairs. The simple habits of his people, their very lack of wants, and the compensatory absence of cares and responsibilities, depressed him. Poor soul! He did not then know that his very surroundings exemplified the Utopian songs of poets for centuries past.

In this purpose he had the sympathy and encouragement of Hester, who

longed for a wider field of usefulness, and perhaps more responsive surroundings for display than the narrow bounds of their social environment afforded. Her girlhood dreams of marble halls, elegant turnouts, rich dresses, social dominion and other accompaniments of material greatness had solidified with her maturity into consuming desire.

Accordingly John made preparations to go to the city to begin his new career and become a citizen of the world. He was to start Monday morning. Sunday evening he spent with Hester as usual. It seemed the sweetest of his wooing. Again the well-conned plans of their future were gone over. The picture had no dark spots, no uncertain lines. It stood out as bold as bas-relief upon the dark background of purposeless life with which they were surrounded. They could trace his rise step by step, through numberless successes, until he had fully regained the once proud eminence of his now degenerate race. His determination was at fever heat and he could scarcely await another dawn to begin his undertaking.

The parting said and once outside the Markham cabin his courage faltered for an instant. He felt for the first time the pangs of separation, and, to heighten the agony, came the realization that this separation would drag through days into weeks, weeks into months and perhaps years. He felt certain that his passion would conquer his purpose and that his fine project would end in failure more dismal and spectral than the worthless lives of his immediate ancestors. But the vision of his success came back and he went buoyantly homeward, chagrined at the weakness that had allowed him to waver for even a moment. With Hester it was quite different. The parting had caused her pain, but her swelling ambition had not, even at the moment of parting, permitted her sentiment to obscure the purpose of their enterprise.

Before dawn John Reycliff stole quietly from his father's house, fearing to risk another formal leave-taking, and hurried

down the valley to the devious old ridge road, on his twenty-mile walk to the nearest railroad station, where he was to take a train to the great city. The towering bluffs, enveloped with gray clouds of rising mist that spanned the little chasm of a valley like a heavenly bridge; the pale, opal water in Resurrection Creek that rushed down past his father's house; the delicious fragrance of the pink honeysuckle, with which the air was fairly burdened; the voices of a hundred songsters and the echoing melody of the mocking-birds,—all struck him with a new beauty, like the unveiling of a new universe. Had his life been surrounded by these thousand charms, and had he weighed them only in the narrow scales of utility? he asked himself. How strangely the every-day beauties of nature and character, which compass our lives, are passed unappreciated, unnoticed even, and rush in upon us like a revelation at the hour of parting!

A mile down the road, as the first gray of dawn appeared, he stepped aside a few yards to a slight elevation and cast a long, wistful look at the old log house, with its shake roof and rock chimneys, the home of his Hester. Farther on he paused by an old rail fence that enclosed the neighboring burying-ground where, he had been told, lay the dust of his ancestors, in graves profaned by neglect and marked by rude, unlettered stones. Even the mounds were depressed to the level of the little plain. Would his life be so aimless, his fame so meager, that it could be amply proclaimed by a few tufts of grass and a mystifying rock, such as his feet had trod in crossing the creek?

With the early summer of 1861, in Tennessee, came the culmination of the secession controversy. It was but the inevitable, foreseen by all, but put off through months of agony by those who, in utter despair, had hoped for some averting accident. History is the record of inevitables, with a very small percentage of accidents. Fate had decided that Tennessee should secede,—not the

fate of fatalism, but the cold, unchanging law of cause and effect.

Resisting or retarding the operation of this law to its natural fruition had kept the state in a turmoil for months. It had caused the holding of innumerable primaries, mass-meetings, conventions, and, finally of two popular elections, the first of which strongly favored loyalty to the Union, but the last was overwhelming for secession. The governor had issued his proclamation formally severing the ties that had bound the State in the Federal compact.

The turmoil of the campaign was followed by political chaos. There was perfect union of sentiment, but the structure of political sovereignty had not yet been reared. In the cities bands of music paraded the streets day and night. One orator followed another on the public square so that speaking went on almost without interruption. Strangers met, shook hands, conversed, and parted with a sincere exchange of Godspeed, like old friends. All was excitement,—not happy and expectant, but sullen and apprehensive. Military companies were formed from counting-rooms, stores and offices. Public schools became places of military training; the college, a fortress; the campus, a drill ground.

John Reycliff was one of the first to answer the excited call for home guards. His few months of city experience had disappointed his expectations. The uncommercial training of his early life had placed him at a great disadvantage in the sharp struggle for advancement. His determination had been good, his wit ready, but he daily felt the lack of such previous contact with different phases of the world as was necessary to bring the latter quality to a proper edge and make it readily useful to his purpose. So that John Reycliff's patriotism for his native state, like many another brave soldier's, was not entirely unmingled with personal disappointment. He was assigned to duty in a squad of sharpshooters attached to the —th Artillery,—one of the first regiments to report to the Confederate

States of America to fight under the Stars and Bars.

For two years he followed faithfully the wavering fortunes of his people, and rose to the command of his squad, with the rank of lieutenant. A further promotion was promised,—in fact, daily expected, and with it a furlough of ten days in which to visit home and see Hester. How proudly he would go back with a captain's commission, and that earned by bravery on the battle-field! But before the commission arrived came an engagement, unexpected and terrific. His army was routed; his comrades fell on every side; the enemy called on him to surrender, but he answered with a defiant yell and another shot from his musket. A volley from the on-coming horde and he sank to the ground with a dangerous wound in his leg. In place of his furlough came a hospital certificate.

For weeks he lay between life and death with a minie ball in his thigh. As he began to amend, he thought more of home with its perfect peace and simple abundance, and he resolved to set out as soon as he could walk and spend the period of his convalescence amid those quiet, helpful surroundings.

With great effort and suffering he dragged himself over half the distance, his craving for home and for the attentions of loved ones impelling him to redoubled exertions.

One day he stopped at a row of cabins that flanked a fine country place in the richest agricultural region of Middle Tennessee, to ask a morsel of food from the generous negroes, who were friends in war and peace. Having finished his meal, and with a bountiful supply tied in his handkerchief against the uncertainties of the barren country that was before him, he set forth again on his weary journey, when his attention was drawn to a young child in the arms of its old negro mammy. He was struck with its peculiar beauty and, half from admiration, half to gratify the easy pride of its nurse, remarked, "What a pretty baby!"

"Ya-as, sah; dis is Mis' Hester's baby

boy. Dey calls 'im John. Some folks says he named fur Mis' Hester's sweet-heart she had 'fore de wah begun."

"But, Mammy, where did your mistress come from?" asked John with quickened interest.

"O, Mis' Hester she come from up de hill country, not very 'ristocratic place, though she's a mighty fine lady. Her folks was all kilt out, an' dere house burnt by de g'rillies, I think dey calls 'em. Some good white gem'men fetched her to D— an' put her in a boad'in' school, case she hadn't no place to live at. 'Twar thar dat young marster fust knowed her, an' sot out to makin' love to her. He war struck all to onct. He 'peared strange, an' we niggers 'lowed 'twar de misery come back in his woun', fur Marster war shot in de 'ginning ob de wah, an' war home gettin' well. But when we seed him pickin' flowahs in de garden ever' day, an' ridin' over to rds de school, we knowed suthin' else war de matter. Well, sah, hit seemed like he would ride down erry las' hoss on de place, totin' flowahs to dat school-house; till fin'ly Mis' Hester mahried 'im. Sence den, he 'mended mighty fas', till now, 'pears like he well 'nough to go back to de wah, but I don' reckon he will leave Mis' Hester an' de baby. They's monst'us happy, an' Mis' Hester has hosses an' carriages, an' fine clothes, an' is de grandes' lady in dese parts."

The truth came to him with a shock, and he could bear no more. With a word of parting he dragged himself on.

Hester had been faithless. She had not even called on him in her affliction! But, he had been weak; his life, so far as she knew, had been an unsuccessful struggle. Perhaps she had not heard that he was a captain. What man, in the eyes of woman, is so weak as he who has made a failure in life? So he might have expected this termination of his love affair; possibly he deserved it. At all events, it was better than for him to have led her into the perdition of his life of disappointment and material shipwreck. Now all her dreams of splendor

were realized. She was in all probability happy.

But his parents, his home — that home to which he was journeying with so much expectancy — were they safe? His neighborhood had become embroiled in that fierce guerrilla warfare that raged along the borders of the war field, more cruel and furious than the relentless struggle of organized forces.

Four days of tedious tramping, in which the agony of suspense precluded rest or refreshment, brought him again to the old ridge road that he had traveled so expectantly only three years before. He stopped again by the old graveyard fence, but could see no new graves in the Reycliff corner. Had one of the few amenities of war spared his parents, or one of its countless atrocities forbidden them a Christian burial? He noticed the old road, once so well beaten, now nearly overgrown with grass and weeds. Houses, that had been landmarks since his first memory, all gone! He looked for the Markham cabin; a pile of crumbling stone in the vacant field was the only sign of previous habitation.

With the energy of despair he turned up the narrow valley that led to his father's house. Every foot-stone in the creek was as familiar as his own name. The winding road was overgrown with vegetation. The opal creek ran and murmured as before. The prodigious trunks of the poplars and master oaks stood just as when he saw them last. The frowning bluffs, with gray rocks and red soil, stood unchanged. Everything in nature was unchanged; but all traces of human habitation were gone. How transitory is man, how fleeting the kingdoms of man by the side of undying nature! These same crags and bluffs had looked down on primitive man and through succeeding ages on races, kingdoms, principalities, as they appeared on the scene, played their little parts and vanished from the earth.

As he hastened up the valley, a rising mist like a gray pall enshrouded his old home. Rounding a sharp turn in the

bluffs his father's farm spread out before him. The giant oak trees in the front yard, the stone spring-house, and the two massive chimneys of his father's house, standing like gaunt specters, were all he saw.

There was no home.

Far up Resurrection Creek, above Redcliff, after many curves and angles, the valley, narrowed to a chasm, turns squarely to the left, spreads out over a little oblong space and heads abrupt and precipitous. The entrance to this area is up the bed of the creek, which rolls boisterously between sentinel cliffs that stand out like giants at the door of some mysterious grotto. The creek comes forth from cavernous fissures in the rock at the head of the valley, after having been buried for hours in the earth, which receives it, a mile above, — the ridge, a veritable mountain, standing an apostrophe in its course.

On the east, Resurrection Hill rises sheer to a dizzy height, its many seams and fissures hidden by an impenetrable growth of laurel and red cedar. And when, on the west, the oaks and poplars of Oblivion Bluff stand out, gaunt and spectral against the wintry sky, like emblems of death and oblivion, Resurrection Hill remains serenely perennial, in calm defiance of threatening dissolution, a pledge of eternal life.

Nowhere in nature are the conflicting miracle of life and mystery of death more grandly portrayed. Over against the rising sun the one adds its undying testimony to the daily proclamation of light and life, and to the parting day the other joins its dire omen of inevitable death and gloom. When this glorification was enacted is beyond human speculation. Years have come and gone, centuries have rolled into ages, ages into cycles, and still the miracle of life and the mystery of death have stood in opposing transfiguration.

Here, shut out from the world, shut in from heaven, except from an occasional star that blinked above the gorge, like

an eye of the Eternal prying into the secrets of his craft, Captain John Reycliff had for years conducted his still. The times were practical. Chivalry had passed away. The devastation of war had been replaced by new settlements, indolent and shiftless, but more practical and calculating than the civilization that had been swept away. Swords had been beaten into plowshares, which were doing ungallant but heroic service in the struggle for bread. Resurrection Creek—the artist of this picture—that, through ages of persistent industry had carved all this beauty from the insensate rock, had finished its work and laid aside the habiliments of art. Why should not it, too, be turned to practical use? Captain Reycliff had caught the infection and, while deploring the loss of the old, resolved to keep in touch with the new order of things. Accordingly, its current was made to turn a wheel that furnished power to stir his mash; its freestone water made the best possible mixture for the beer, and the cold stream flowing over the “worm” induced that slow distillation necessary to produce good whisky.

Through all the years since the close of the War, Captain Reycliff's still had flourished unmolested, although he had failed to go through the formality of taking out the license and paying the tribute exacted by the Federal government for the privilege of conducting such business enterprises. He believed his business honorable and could not understand the justice in, or economic reasons for, taxing it while the mill that ground his meal went free. He was equally steadfast in his moral grounding, and daily strengthened his position with scriptural quotations of more or less relevancy. Then, too, he had great confidence in his inaccessible location. The barrier hills were impassable, the creek entrance dangerous, except with the most practiced pilot. No one of his neighbors had ever visited his retreat; but, had the way been as familiar as their own roads, they would not have

directed an expedition against him, for Captain Reycliff was never known to have a personal enemy.

The greatest indifference prevailed regarding the still. How the liquor was made, or in what quantities, no mortal outside the gorge knew—none cared. How it found a market was equally uncertain, for man had never seen the meal going to or the liquor coming from the still; yet every bar for miles around had a full stock of “Captain's Red.” Whenever sickness invaded the cabins, a jug was found on the front step, with a tag attached, bearing this strange epigram, “Free whisky for the sick; jugs cost money; empty and leave outside.” And the empty jug would disappear as mysteriously as it had come.

Captain Reycliff seldom left his still. He was known to make occasional trips into the valley country, in the neighborhood of D—, but, whether his mission was one of charity or business, nobody knew. His life was so lonely and melancholy, perhaps he took these little excursions into the outside world to break its dismal monotony. Whatever the impelling motive, he returned in a more cheerful frame of mind; and, in his musings, which had come to be almost habitual, he was heard to mutter, over and over again, “It's right; it's better so.”

The Captain had been so long unmolested by the authorities that he began to feel himself secure, and for a time neglected those measures of caution maintained for a score of years. They were a source of some expense, and his still-house yielded very meager profits; and at times he seriously considered the idea of abandoning the business entirely. But what could he do? His farm had grown up to underbrush; he was too old to apply himself to a new trade or a profession. Then, too, the material problems with which he had wrestled early in life had thrown him so mercilessly that he could not rally his crushed ambition to give them a new encounter. He could not think of becoming a public

charge; he would not accept private bounty, although any cabin in the country would have given him a hearty welcome for the remainder of his life. But either of these alternatives would have given him less pain than to have to forego the means of practicing those mysterious benevolences that brought the only pleasure to his melancholy life. His friends often advised him to marry, and several eligible spinsters and widows were pointed out; to which suggestion, whether made in jest or in earnest, he had one good-humored, but rather melancholy, reply, "Two things I aint a-hankering for—their's love and war."

The federal authorities knew, in a general way, that an illicit distillery was in operation near Laurel Ridge Church, and, from the persistence with which it was maintained, and the ineffective efforts that had been made to suppress it, they judged that it must be in the hands of a desperate man. They were sworn to maintain the peace and dignity of the United States, yet here was a man "manufacturing and selling spirituous liquors without license," which the letter of the law declared was "against the peace and dignity of the United States." A new administration was coming in. A show must be made towards keeping the ante-election pledges that were believed to have contributed to its political success. The usual series of petty abuses was scheduled for reformation. A larger, more flagrant, but less conspicuous, series of abuses was tacitly scheduled to be winked at. Accordingly, as Captain Reycliff's still had achieved undeserved notoriety, it headed the list, which meant early annihilation. The lumbering wheels of justice were set in motion, and, as its victim was a gentle, disheartened man, too poor to place the usual and convenient obstructions in its course, he was doomed to be crushed beneath the juggernaut.

Among the deputy marshals appointed was a young farmer from the lower section of Middle Tennessee, a recent graduate of a military academy. His charge

was over the hill country, with instructions to stamp out moonshining, at whatever cost. He had been a good student, and was deeply learned in theoretical manslaughter; but had never witnessed any of the inhuman scenes of carnage to which he was educated.

It was early May.

The rising sun was gilding the tops of the oaks and poplars on Oblivion Bluff. The heavy clouds of mist shut out from the valley a portion of the reflected day, protracting the morning with a long, dreamy dawn. The breeze that stole slowly up the creek was laden, almost to lassitude, with the entrancing fragrance of the wild honeysuckle. The birds, strangers to one another for months, set the somnolent air a-quiver with their happy songs of reunion and home-building. It was a scene that forced reverie. To Captain Reycliff it was more—it was the anniversary of his home-leaving, more than a generation ago. He sat on the rough bench before his still-house in deep reflection, smoking his morning pipe. In his reverie he lived again his parting with Hester and saw once more the bright picture of his future. Again he stole silently from his father's house, lest the leave-taking would unman him, and hurried down the valley to the highway. He took the last look at the Markham cabin, leaned against the fence at the burial-ground and hastened on to the great city.

The scene changed. A cloud passed over his immobile countenance. His pipe dropped from his hand and smoldered on the ground at his feet. He passed again through countless struggles and disappointments. Then came the War with its sufferings and horrors—the last battle—his comrades falling on every hand—the enemy calling on the remnant to surrender before he was wounded—

"Surrender!" came a sharp voice from the entrance to the valley, as three horsemen, with muskets leveled, rode up the creek bed. Was he in battle? Were these horsemen intruders on his privacy

or was it the enemy calling on him to surrender? In the delirium of fancy he sprang to his feet and reiterated his defiant battle-cry,—

"I never surrender!"

A flash in the dim half-light and the report of a musket echoed in quick reverberations from cliff to cliff.

They raised the prostrate form of the Captain and laid it on the bench. There was a small jagged hole in his flannel shirt-front, above his leathern belt. He breathed heavily. At last he opened his eyes. "So you're not Yankee soldiers—only revenue hunters! I reckon you've

got shet of this still." Fixing his eyes on the deputy marshal, he said, faintly: "I know you. You other fellers 'scuse us and stand aside."

They withdrew a few yards. Then, taking the hand of the deputy, he said with great effort: "Captain, it mought bring your mother some misery if she knowed her son shot John Reycliff—you'll narry tell her?—Swear it!"

His eyes closed again, and he murmured a few incoherent words, which showed his last mortal vision was on the scenes of his early hopes and love,—and then was silent.

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THE CURSE OF JUDAS.

BY FRANK A. WILDER.

I.

AL^EC LAPOINTE was slowly walking along one of the great business streets of Chicago. It was midwinter. To this bore witness the heaps of snow along the walks, the cold wind sweeping down from the north, and the brilliantly-lighted store windows filled with holiday attractions. Lapointe crossed the river from the North Side, and went on toward the south. The multitude thronging the street hastened past him as he sauntered aimlessly along. Evidently he had no definite purpose in view. It was too cold to stand still, and it was easier to walk with the wind than against it. After a time he paused on a corner and looked around, and then sought shelter by leaning against the side of a great building. The snow whirled in eddies at his feet, lay for a moment in little drifts, and then was scattered over the pavement to be packed beneath the feet of the hurrying crowds. At short intervals great revolving sweepers rumbled along the cable lines, but they hardly disappeared before the tracks were again covered with snow. As darkness came on the storm increased and the cars on the street became more and more infrequent. Shop girls and clerks

gathered on the corner and waited patiently. Some were thinly clad and the wind was sharp and penetrating. In spite of the cold and storm every one seemed cheerful.

Three little cash girls were looking in at the great show window near which Lapointe stood. It was a jeweler's store and the window was brilliant with precious stones set in rings and necklaces. On either side a bronze figure of a boy held out a cluster of incandescent lights. In the rear stood a figure of Father Time with his sickle, bearing on his back a great clock, the pendulum of which swung slowly back and forth as though time were the most deliberate thing in the world.

"Do you know what I would do if I had that?" said one of the girls, her black eyes dancing as she pointed to a brilliant solitaire. As she stood there in the bright light that came from the window, with her laughing face and her black hair almost concealed by the shawl she wore over her head, she looked like a bit of sunny Italy which had somehow strayed to this land of snow.

"I know what I'd do," exclaimed one of the others. "I'd sell it and get a

hundred dollars, and then I wouldn't have to work any more or have Mr. Barnes to scold me."

"I'd buy a fur coat and give it to mama for Christmas," said the third.

"I'd wear it in my hair. This way,—see," said the first. She took the shawl from her head and held it out till she caught a great snow-flake that came drifting down by the side of the building. Then she held the shawl above her head and shook it till the snow-flake fell in her hair, a great scintillating diamond.

They all joined in a chorus of childish laughter, and then ran off to catch a car which came rumbling along the street. Lapointe followed them and saw that they were safely on board, and then returned to his place by the window.

The number of those who were waiting increased steadily till about 8 o'clock. Almost every one carried a parcel of some sort. A burly German sought shelter for a moment by the side of the building. He carried a great wicker basket full to the brim, so full that the covers would not stay fastened. From one side projected the handle of something. "For mein sohn," he said with a hearty laugh, as he saw Lapointe eyeing his load. "A shovel. He can all day dig in dat snow." Having recovered his breath he went on elbowing his way through the crowd.

Soon a woman with a thin, worn face came to the window and unwrapped a parcel. It contained a leather case,—a little sewing case in which were needles and a pair of scissors and a silver thimble. Her face lighted with pleasure as she looked at it. She took the thimble from the case and put it on her finger, but as she did so someone crowded past and the thimble fell to the pavement and was buried in the snow. Lapointe was on his knees in an instant and soon recovered the lost treasure. He was richly rewarded by the look of gratitude on the woman's face.

"These are for my daughter," she said, after thanking him. "She has wanted them for so long, and then to

think that I almost lost the thimble, because, like a child, I couldn't keep from looking at them! I'm so anxious to get home. She is a little girl and I have been away all day. I wonder what is the matter with the cars."

"Do you go south?"

"As far as Fiftieth Street."

"Then you had better take the elevated."

Again the woman thanked him and went on down the street.

By this time it was apparent to all that the cable lines were hopelessly blockaded. Those who were waiting sought the elevated roads, or started to make their way through the storm on foot. Soon Lapointe was left almost alone.

He was a tall man and well built. His features were regular, almost handsome. His complexion was swarthy, due partly perhaps to exposure to inclement weather, but it harmonized well with his black mustache and the black hair which cropped out from under his slouch hat. His clothes were of the proper style and fitted him well, and though they were threadbare, gave him an air of a gentleman. They told a story of better times. His shoes, though badly worn, were not coarse. He had no overcoat.

The crowds waiting at the corner for the cable cars had been some company for him. When they moved away he felt lonesome. He went to the store window and looked at the clock. It was half-past eight. Once more he started down the street.

II.

The various factors that had entered into Lapointe's life and had tended to make him what he was were readily traceable. His parents were simple French people, and still lived in the little interior town of Canada called Laplainsance, where he was born. He knew of no one else from Laplainsance that had ever strayed so far into the world. The boys who had recited the catechism with him to Father José were farmers about his native town, or lumbermen who spent the winter in the woods and came back to the old

home in summer. He often wondered at the difference between his life and theirs. It was all due to Father José, the spiritual and intellectual head of the village. The Father knew every one in the town and had baptized them all, save a very few old folks, for he had been in Laplaisance ever since he came from France fifty years before. Laplaisance was then but a mission station among the Indians. He taught the parish school, and it was there that he first became interested in Alec Lapointe. He was such a little fellow to come so far to school, especially in winter, over the hills and through two miles of the big forest where the snow did not melt till late in the spring, that the Father took the boy to stay with him.

"You are to be a priest, my son," Father José said to him again and again, as, hand in hand, they walked through the woods after school hours.

"That will I, Father," the boy invariably replied.

In those days Father José was his ideal. In a shady nook on the edge of the forest, beneath the great pines, he used to lie by the hour and think of the time when he would wear a long black gown and have long white hair and smile and speak kind words to the people who should take off their hats as he passed by. Such were his boyhood dreams.

When he grew older, Father José took him into his library. It was a quaint little room, with a low ceiling, in which were chests of oak, and one great bookcase as tall as the room, with heavy doors which locked with an iron key. This key the Father had been in the habit of keeping in a drawer in his own room. But not a month had passed after the day when the boy was first admitted to the library before it was left in the door.

"I can trust you, my son," he said one day when Alec told him that he was forgetting the key.

For a year the boy spent all his odd moments over the Latin which he found in the quaint leather-covered volumes. His greatest delight, however, was in the

sand heap in the corner of the yard to which he had given the name of Palestine. It was a shady corner, and here Father José used to tell him of his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They spent many days in building the city of Jerusalem, the priest sitting in his arm-chair and giving directions while Alec piled the sand to represent the hills of Moriah and Zion, and put pine cones around for the city walls. He built the temple on Mount Moriah with wooden blocks, and connected it with Mount Zion by a bridge. On other days he leveled the city with a more ruthless hand than did Herod of old, and made instead a map of Palestine. Judea and Samaria and Galilee he bounded with white string. He dug the Jordan valley with a piece of tin, and filled the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee with water and made beautiful falls in the Jordan which were not in the original. He located Jericho and Nazareth and Bethlehem with bits of paper and built the roads that led thence to Jerusalem. When he was tired he would lie at Father José's feet and listen as he told him stories from the Old and New Testaments.

He often wondered what the world outside of Laplaisance was like. Father José was the only one he knew who had ever been far from the village, and that was many years before. He had heard vague accounts of the great towns in the provinces to the east, but he could conceive of them only as larger villages made up of the same sort of people he saw around him. Boyhood passed into youth and youth was merging into manhood before these notions were changed.

They were walking in Father José's garden between the house and the church when the Father told him that he was to go to Montreal. "See how great is your opportunity," said the Father, looking down at the boy thoughtfully. "That is given to you which has never before been given to a boy in our village. Think how your parents and myself and every one in the village will watch for your return. Many prayers

will be offered for you. But the city is a great place, and its dangers are many. I was there myself many years ago, and it has grown since. Remember, my son, what I have taught you, and hold to the truth."

It was a proud day, the proudest in his life, the Sunday before he left Laplainsance for Montreal. He wore his new clothes for the first time. His mother had made them, for there was no tailor in the village. The cloth had been bought of a peddler, and was considered finer than anything that could be had at the village store. Every one knew that he was to go away on Monday and that he was to wear his new clothes to church the day before.

Father José seemed to speak especially to him that morning. After church the people gathered around the door to shake hands with him and say good-bye. Father José walked home with him and took dinner at his father's cottage that day—an unusual honor. As they went through the big woods they talked about the city to which he was going and the life he would lead there.

The ride to the railroad station was a long one, and long before sunrise his father had yoked the oxen which in winter he drove in the logging camps, and loaded on the wooden box with its leather handles in which were all of Alec's possessions. His mother wept and the boy tried to comfort her by telling her that in a few years he would come back a man and they should all be proud of him. He never thought of crying himself till the sharp crack of the lash started the oxen and the journey was actually begun. But as the little cottage, with his mother still standing in the doorway, grew smaller and smaller, and the road spun out longer and longer beneath the slow-turning wheels, he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

The long railroad journey was not a bit tiresome, and he was almost sorry when he reached the city. He had expected someone to meet him at the station, but, after waiting for some time, he took the advice that Father José had

given him in case of such an emergency, and asked a cabman to take him and his box to Father Lewis's house. As he passed through the noisy, crowded streets, lined on either side with tall buildings, he felt as though he had entered another world.

Of course the new life brought with it new influences. In the first place, there was Father Lewis, to whose care he was entrusted. Father José, who had known him years before, forgot that some men change with time. He himself had not changed. If there are no wolves wearing the shepherd's cloak, there are at least careless shepherds. The boy missed the kind words and the watchful care he had known in the village. Yet in the city he needed them more. A little care during this transition period might have kept him true to his early training. As it was, this sudden revelation of a new world with its wonderful activities and its great possibilities fascinated him and led him to think that all his former life had been narrow and limited. He did not lose his old beliefs, but they lost their vitality. He had thought that the calling of the priest was the highest. It had been so in the village of Laplainsance. He now saw that there were others which the world ranked as high. He had thought that the truths which Father José had taught him were undisputed. He found that there were men who questioned them. His conception of life was changed, whether for better or worse he could not say, but it was changed. At the end of the second year at the University it seemed plain to him that he was not fitted to become a priest. To those at home he sent word that he could no longer accept aid, since he must disappoint them in their plans. At least, he was thoroughly honest.

Then he began life for himself. At the University he had shown himself to be a good companion, though a poor scholar,—poor because he was careless. Through the influence of friends he had made since coming to the city, he secured a temporary position on one of the great



Drawing by C. A. Cumming.

"Seeing no vacant seat, Lapointe leaned against one of the great pillars which supported the gallery."

daily papers. At the same time he kept up some of his studies. Thus a third year passed. At the end of the fourth he had fairly earned the title of "Lapointe, the best reporter on the *Recorder*."

Then his wanderings began. It was simple restlessness, for the proprietors of the *Recorder* were satisfied with his work. On one of the smallest of the sailing vessels that venture across the Atlantic in midwinter he embarked for France. Landing at Havre he wrote a graphic account of his voyage, which yielded him funds to continue his travels. For two years he wandered in Europe, sending reports of his adventures to the

Recorder in the form of weekly letters. Then the Columbian Exposition opened. Having succeeded in getting himself appointed as representative of various foreign papers, he embarked for America with no more money in his pocket than when he left it.

III.

Lapointe was not the only man who had neither work nor money on this winter night. During the busy days of the Exposition the city had been crowded with newspaper men. Many, like himself, had been improvident and found themselves without employment in the midst of a period of unusual financial depression.

"Hello, Lapointe! Great Christmas weather, and a delightful Christmas season for my fellows, isn't it? Got anything to do yet?" The speaker, who came up behind Lapointe, was so thoroughly wrapped up in his great coat, the collar of which almost touched his hat, that only his eyes were visible. Lapointe recognized the voice, for he hardly turned to look at him.

"As much as usual," he answered.

"I had a trifle of luck with a little Christmas matter to-day; got the *News* to take it."

Lapointe stood still for a moment.

"Where do you stay now?" asked his friend.

"At The Friendship."

"Whew! You deserve better luck than that. Aren't you going any farther? It is too cold to stand here."

"No, I must go back. I've forgotten something. I'm glad I met you though, Richardson, for you've given me an idea that I'm going to work out."

As Lapointe spoke, he turned and started up the street. He had gone only a block when he came to the Grand Pacific Hotel. Pushing open the storm-door, he stepped in, swept the snow from his shoes and then surveyed himself hastily. The result was hardly satisfactory, for he still hesitated. He shook the snow from his coat, however, and turned down the collar that had been pinned about his neck. Then, with the air of one familiar with the place, he walked across the brilliantly-lighted lobby to a cozy little room where a number of men sat about small tables on which they were writing busily. On the way the clerk saw him and nodded slightly. In order to keep up appearances Lapointe had asked that he might have his mail addressed in care of the hotel. In this way they had become acquainted. He took off his hat and hung it on a rack near the door and then sat down at one of the tables. For half an hour he sat with his head on the back of the chair and his eyes closed. Two or three men across the table glanced at him curiously

without interrupting their work. He then took paper and pen and was soon the busiest man in the room. The hands of the great clock over the door indicated in turn the hours,—9, 10, 11. One after another the others arose, sealed and pocketed the letters they had been writing and left the room. But Lapointe wrote on. He glanced at the clock and saw that it was five minutes of 12. Then he placed the written pages in his inside pocket, buttoned his coat, and once more went out into the storm.

He made his way slowly along the street till he crossed the river to the West Side of the city. Walking was now difficult, for the hour was late and there were few persons on the street to trample down the swiftly-falling snow. He kept on until he reached a region of cheap lodging-houses. When he came to The Friendship he stopped. Looking through the large front windows, on which the name of the place was conspicuously painted, he saw a dozen men dozing in rough wooden chairs in the waiting-room. He entered. Paying 20 cents to the clerk, he secured the best quarters the place afforded,—a small box-like apartment containing a rude bed. On this he threw himself without undressing and was soon asleep. He had eaten no supper.

He arose before daybreak the next morning. Hardly a person was moving when he crossed the waiting-room and opened the door to the street. The snow lay in an unbroken sheet on the sidewalk, save for a narrow irregular path which had been broken by a patrolman. Lapointe glanced at his shoes and then plunged boldly into the drift that blocked the door. Though the hour was early he wondered why there were not more persons stirring. Then he remembered that it was Christmas morning.

He went directly to the hotel he had left so late the night before, and seating himself at one of the tables took the roll of manuscript from his pocket and began to write. As the morning advanced, elegantly-dressed men sauntered into the

room from the breakfast table and sat down to dispose of the day's correspondence. Lapointe did not notice them. He seemed to have forgotten that he had eaten no breakfast. His pen ran rapidly over the paper, and page after page was added to the manuscript prepared the night before. At 10 o'clock he stopped, laid down his pen with a sigh, rubbed his hands together, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. After resting thus a few minutes, he sat up again, arranged his papers carefully, and then arose and left the room.

IV.

Christmas was no holiday for the staff of the *Advocate*. That enterprising factor in public opinion had seized the occasion as an excuse for an extra edition. It was well understood by every member of the *Advocate* force that the editors of the other city papers were to awake on the 26th to the fact that they had been thoroughly outdone. At 10 o'clock the forms for thirty-six pages were up. Ten pages had been allowed for advertisements. At 10:30 the editor received word from the composing room that a half-page more of matter was needed. He began to look through his desk for more copy.

The paper already contained Dickens' always available Christmas Carol entire, an interesting article on Christmas in Iceland, a learned discussion of the origin of Christmas by the Rev. Dr. Holstze, and half a score of short Christmas stories by popular writers of the day.

At 11 o'clock Lapointe entered the editor's room. He closed the door behind him and without hesitancy walked to the editor's desk.

"I have written something which I should like to have you look over, sir, and it will be a great favor if you can do so at once." Lapointe spoke without embarrassment. The editor, who had not looked up when he entered, wheeled part way around in his chair and gave him a searching glance. Then he let his eyes fall on the manuscript which La-

pointe had placed on his desk. The title attracted his attention. It was "The Myth of Myths." The editor glanced hastily over the first page.

"I do not know whether I can use this. It is just possible that I can. Call this afternoon or to-morrow morning,—better to-morrow. I don't know anything about it, you know,—it is seldom that we can use matter of this sort," he added, as he saw the expression of relief on Lapointe's face.

"It will be a great favor if you can advance me a dollar on it, sir." Lapointe spoke in a low tone, and in spite of his effort did not wholly succeed in controlling his feelings.

The editor looked at him with an expression of surprise. "This is not business," he said, as though he were making an apology to himself, as he took a dollar from his pocket and held it out to Lapointe. "But I will make an exception. This is an exceptional day,—Christmas. From what I read of your article, though, it seems that you don't think so. I have no more time now. Call to-morrow. Good-day." And the editor turned once more to his desk without waiting for a reply from Lapointe who, knowing that none was expected, did not make any.

As soon as he heard the door close, the editor took up the manuscript and began to read. "Humph," he said after reading busily for some time, "it sounds like Renan, smooth and readable. It seems quite plausible, too."

He pulled a rope which connected with a bell on the floor above and presently the foreman of the composing room entered.

"This copy will fill up that space, Jim," said the editor as he held out the manuscript Lapointe had just left.

"It's late, sir, and the men were hoping for a bit of a holiday to-day, sir," said the foreman.

"We make altogether too much fuss about Christmas, Jim. Read that copy and you'll think so, too. Take part of it yourself and give the rest to Jackson and Walker."

V.

The scene in the composing room was a busy one. Twenty men were standing before tall racks which were laden with type fonts, some engaged in setting copy, others correcting their work according to the proof sheets spread out before them. To two of the men the foreman gave parts of the manuscript that had been handed him. "That is good, clean copy, boys. Hurry up with it," he said as he turned away.

Walker, to whom the last part of the manuscript was assigned, took up a page and began to work. With wonderful rapidity paragraph after paragraph was set, and at noon he was half through. When he left the room for luncheon his face, usually cheerful, wore such a scowl that Jackson, the man who worked behind him, noticed it.

"What's the matter, Walker? No holiday to-day, eh?" he said with a laugh.

"These fellows are getting things down pretty fine when they rule out Christmas. Soon it will be work every day. No fun—just a steady grind," said Walker in a surly tone.

Walker's feelings will be best understood by giving a portion of the "take" assigned to him. It read as follows:

It was midnight of a sacred Jewish Sabbath, a Sabbath made doubly sacred by its occurrence during the great feast of the Passover. All Jerusalem was silent. Not one of the thousands of pilgrims who had come to the feast was stirring. Even the guards that watched at the tomb of the Nazarite, who had been crucified three days before, were dozing. But the city was not all asleep. Six men were at this moment passing through one of the small gates in the wall which was called "the Needle's Eye." They approached the Nazarite's tomb without hesitation, which showed that they were not Jews of any of the stricter sects. They surprised the sleeping soldiers and, after binding them, rolled away the stone from the sepulchre. On a rude bier they laid the body and covered it with a coarse, linen cloth, having first taken the precaution to remove the grave clothes and leave them properly folded in the tomb. To touch a dead body would have shocked a Pharisee, but the followers of the Nazarite were Galileans.

Through the darkness they made their way to the Vale of Jehosaphat and the tombs of the kings. On the east Mount Olivet rose like a dim shadow in the darkness. On the west rose Mount Moriah and the Temple,—the temple which the Nazarite had promised to destroy and raise again in three days. In a natural cave they laid the bier and its burden and hastened away.

So ended the career of this man of mystery, who, from his birth at Bethlehem to his death on the skull mound of Golgotha presents the strangest character that the world has ever seen.

VI.

After leaving the office of the *Recorder*, Lapointe hastened down the street, intent on finding a chop house where he could break his fast of twenty-four hours.

"Merry Christmas, Mister!" shouted a grimy-faced little boot-black who adopted this method of calling attention to his trade.

Lapointe did not hear him.

"I say, there, you feller with the long face,—it's Christmas; so take a reef in yer fize!" shouted the boy, forgetting the purpose of his first salutation in the pleasure that he found in playing the wag at the man's expense.

Lapointe bestowed on him a savage look, and the urchin took to his heels. The incident, however, turned Lapointe's thoughts from the meal he had been anticipating. Forgetting for a time his hunger, he began to review the article he had just written. Father José would be surprised at the use to which the instructions received from him had been put, he thought. After all, Lapointe had no profound convictions on the subject of which he had written. The thought of Father José called up the whole history of his boyhood. He saw the tall, pine forest as it was in summer time when they had strolled together in search of wild flowers, about which the Father knew a great deal. Then it changed to a winter scene, with the pure white of the snow broken only by the great tree trunks and the dense clumps of bushes bent down with their burden of snow, every twig forming an arch for the snow

roof,—a veritable fairies' palace fallen in ruin, with chinks and holes in roof and wall. And these snow mansions were not without tenants, for well-beaten paths led up to many of them. They were the homes of the wild rabbits. As his thoughts dwelt on these boyhood scenes, the feelings he had known in youth came crowding on him. At first they were vague and ill-defined. Soon, in fancy, he was walking hand in hand with Father José as they climbed the little hill behind his house and, after reaching the top, looked down on the town below. In fancy he heard again the kindly voice of the priest. The farmers were working in the fields below, and he knew them. They were good, ignorant folk, who already looked at him with awe, because he was going to be a priest.

"See to how many of these good people I am the light," said Father José. "Their life here is hard and plain, but I tell them of God and the hereafter and they are happy and contented. What else have they? And they look to me as the one who brings to them their best gifts. The joy that awaits you, my son, you can never know till you have carried to some village like this the light of the truth that I have taught you." Then together they descended the hill to the house, where the Father took a favorite volume from the library and together they sat under the pine tree between the house and the church and read till evening.

Then Lapointe thought of the church with its quaint windows and its little steeple which had once seemed very tall, and the bell which sometimes he had been allowed to ring, and the beautiful ivy that climbed to the very top of the roof. The picture of the church suggested Christmas. How brightly the light had shone from the windows, when, long before daylight on Christmas morning, he had come to the church with his mother. There was the altar, with the tall candles all lighted, and a stable with a manger, and, hanging above, a gilded star, to represent the scene at Bethlehem.

How far he had walked he did not know, when he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of music. With the mood which these thoughts had created still on him, he turned and entered the church from which the music came.

The vast edifice was crowded, and, seeing no vacant seat, Lapointe leaned against one of the great pillars which supported the gallery. The light that came through the tall, stained windows was subdued. At first he could not see the other end of the church, but as his eyes became used to the light he noticed the great organ with its gilded pipes and the white robes of the choir boys.

When he entered, the choir was singing a part of the *Messe Solennelle*. His ear caught first the pleading, tender notes of the *Benedictus*. The voice of the singer was pure and unusually sympathetic. Lapointe's physical nature was strained to just the tension which made it most responsive to any emotion. He listened intently to the solo, and when a hundred voices joined in the chorus, he trembled with excitement.

After a brief interval the choir began the *Credo*. Lapointe was familiar with the Latin and, in addition to the pleasure he derived from the music, he found a charm in the classic words. He was engaged in mentally translating, when his attention was suddenly arrested and directed to the thought in the words sung.

"*Crucifixus*," sang a single bass voice. The notes were inexpressibly sad.

They were taken up by a single singer for each part in turn, and then softly, very softly, repeated in unison. "*Crucifixus, etiam pro nobis, pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato.*" It was like the lament of the few disciples who had left all to follow their Master,—had left the happy fisherman's home on the shore of Galilee where the first rays of the sun came dancing over the water inviting to a day of healthful, hearty toil; had left the wife who waited at sunset for the fishing boat, and the laughing children who had climbed over the boat's side the instant its keel had touched the

pebbles of the shore,—had left all, seeking the Master's Kingdom, the pearl of great price, only to see that kingdom, their hope, their all, perish with its Lord upon the cross.

"*Crucifixus, Crucifixus!*" sang the chorus. It was no longer the lament of a few, but a deep, universal wail.

"Crucified, crucified," murmured Lapointe, his thoughts echoing and reëchoing the words. He heard again the sad story of the scene at Calvary as he had heard it from Father José's trembling lips. He saw the crosses and the two thieves on either side and the angry crowd. He saw the cloud which wrapped the sacred city like a pall, and felt the awful darkness. He heard the agonizing cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

An intense silence fell upon the place. Even the most thoughtless were moved. For Lapointe the suspense was agony.

Suddenly the whole chorus joined in a song of triumph. "On the third day He rose from the dead." The very walls of the church vibrated in response to the deep tones of the organ. Lapointe felt as though he were being borne on irresistibly by this flood of melody,—borne on and on through hosts of singing angels, till suddenly the hosts parted and he saw in their midst the risen Christ who held out his hands to him.

As the anthem died away, the aged rector rose and with trembling lips repeated a single line: "For as in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive."

"*Resurgam.*" Strong and full came the answering chorus. "*Gloria in Excelsis!*"

VII.

For a few moments Lapointe's mind wandered. His long fast and the strain he had undergone were beginning to make themselves felt. When he came to himself the great congregation was moving. His knees trembled as he passed down the church steps. Looking at nothing, as a man in a dream, he hurried on as fast as he could go, till once

more he reached the *Recorder* office. Taking the elevator he went at once to the composing room on the fourth floor. He entered and stood for a moment just inside the door looking keenly around. On three hooks he saw parts of his manuscript. Jim, the foreman, noticed him, but gave him no further thought. An instant later Lapointe stood at his side and was tearing into bits the copy which he had snatched from the hook. Before the foreman realized what was taking place, Lapointe had destroyed the portions of his manuscript which had been assigned to Jackson and Walker. Walker had just finished his task. The galley which contained the matter he had set lay upon the proof rack. Lapointe saw it and threw it upon the floor. Then he hurried to the office before any one could stop him.

"Here is your money, sir," he said to the astonished editor, as he threw the dollar on the desk. "The article I left with you is not for sale,—not at any price."

Before the editor could answer, Lapointe was gone. His footsteps could still be heard in the lower hall when the foreman entered and told of what had taken place on the floor above. "It is time to go to press, sir, and we can set up no more matter," he added.

The editor was thoughtful for a moment. "Run the advertisement of the Lake Shore Improvement Company again, and I will take my chances on getting something for it," he said at length.

As he turned once more to his desk his eye fell on a card which lay on the floor. On picking it up he found that it gave Lapointe's name and address.

That evening, after wandering hopelessly all day, Lapointe received the following letter from the clerk of the Pacific Hotel:

MR. A. LAPOINTE:

Dear Sir,—I shall be pleased to have you call at our office to-morrow at ten. The matter which I wish to present has no reference to the affair of yesterday. I take it that you want work. I think it probable that I can find something for you. At any rate, a man should not be any the worse off for having a conscience. Sincerely yours,

A. E. YOUNG,
Managing Editor *Recorder*.

MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES.

XVI. THE PASS OF JOHN FORBES.

By C. H. ROBINSON.*

War Eagle Print,
Calto, Ill.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, COLUMBUS, KY., July 8th, 1864.

John Forbes has permission to leave Columbus and pass the pickets.

Issued by Albert Tengler.

Good for one day.

Description: Hair, eyes, height, peculiarities

BEFORE me on the table lies a strip of paper very much like the above, which I found to-day in an old pocket book wherein are kept my commission, discharge and a few other army papers.

On the back of it with the prodigality of flourishes and capitals so characteristic of the military headquarters of that day, — and of this day also so far as I know, — was written :

"Approved By Order of W. Hudson Lawrence, Col. Com'dg Post. Chas. E. Sinclair, 1st Lt. & A. D. C."

That strip of paper carries my mind back to the sultry, scorching July day on which it is dated. As Second Lieutenant of Company C of my regiment, I had that morning been detailed to command the picket post at the foot of the bluff southwest of the town, at the point where the principal wagon road leading to the agricultural country lying back from the Mississippi River crosses the track of the Mobile & Ohio Railway. The reserves for that post remained with me while the relief on duty was stretched out to the right and left at intervals of a few rods until they reached to those of the next post on each side. There was no part of the regularly organized force of the Confederate Army in our immediate vicinity, but Forrest with his command of guerrillas hovered around the state line of Tennessee, and the woods and swamps were more or less populated with bushwhackers.

Columbus was at the time regarded as one of the most important places on the river, and was occupied by a force of several thousand men. Besides my own regiment I now recall the One Hundred

and Thirty-second Illinois Infantry, the Second Illinois Battery Light Artillery, the Tenth Minnesota and the Thirty-fourth New Jersey Infantry. Colonel William Hudson Lawrence of the last-named organization was commander of the post.

Two large forts, Halleck and Quinby—the former manned by colored troops, the Fourth United States Heavy Artillery, I think, with their immense Columbiads, Parrotts, and other siege artillery peering over the parapets, *en barbette*, or peeping from the heavy embrasures—frowned ominously at all boats passing up or down the river, which their elevated position enabled them to command for many miles both up and down ; while a number of similar guns, protruding toward the open country in the rear, had a tendency to warn off all intruders from that direction.

So well fortified was the place, and so many were the troops stationed there, that we had no fear of an attack ; but, notwithstanding this, a continuous line of chain pickets was kept posted day and night just back of the town and forts, from the bank of the river a mile or more above Fort Halleck to the river at the bluffs below the town at a point commonly known as "The Whirlpool." Boats also patrolled the river. All this made guard duty pretty heavy, and the remarks made by the boys concerning the same would, for artistic profanity, have largely discounted "our army in Flanders."

* Major Robinson is U. S. Pension Agent for Iowa and Nebraska.

This chain picket was rendered necessary by the fact that the Confederacy, then almost upon its last legs, was making desperate efforts to secure a supply of quinine and other medicines for the treatment of the sick, and to procure gun caps and other articles for military use which were not manufactured in the seceded states, and which could only be procured from blockade runners or by smuggling. As they were reported to be willing to pay its weight in gold for quinine, and about as much for gun caps, there were a good many enterprising citizens within our lines who were willing "to turn an honest penny" by supplying their necessities. Smuggling was as profitable as it was dangerous; but our chain pickets, while they did not entirely prevent the traffic in contraband articles, did act as a great restraint upon the smuggling business in general.

No person, man or woman, was allowed to leave the city without a pass, nor could they take out any articles of merchandise whatever without a permit in which the articles to be removed were fully described; and the officer in command of each picket post had daily orders to send in to headquarters under guard any one who should attempt to take out of the lines any article, however trivial, which was not mentioned in the permit or the bill of items thereto attached.

This was the situation about the middle of that July afternoon. The writer was lying in the shade of a freight car which had been thrown from the track at that point, his sword, sash and other insignia of rank hanging with his coat against the side of the car. The men, except those on duty, were lounging about, smoking, writing letters, playing cards, asleep,—all putting in the time in the usual manner of the soldier waiting for his trick on guard, when a man in citizen's dress approached the line from the direction of the town, and, when halted by the guard, presented the pass, a copy of which is given above. The corporal brought him to me, and, having found his pass to be correct, after

examination of his clothing for articles contraband of war and finding none, I waved my hand to the guard to permit him to pass through the lines. He was a small man with red hair and a carrotty red beard some two or three inches in length. There was nothing striking in his appearance, but a circumstance which soon after occurred fixed his features indelibly upon my memory.

He left the wagon road at this point and walked briskly up the railroad track, finally disappearing in a cut and curve a few hundred yards distant. Scarcely was he out of sight, however, when a commissioned officer and a squad of colored troops came down over the bluffs from the direction of the forts. The officer asked me if any one had passed out recently, and when I gave him a description of the man who had just gone up the track he said, "That's our man, boys. Right shoulder shift arms; forward, double quick—march!"

Not long after their disappearance a volley and some scattering shots were heard in the direction in which they had gone, and in about two hours they returned, the officer saluting without remark as he passed in with his men. But two of the men were a few paces behind the squad, one of them having a soldier blanket gathered in a loose bundle under his arm, and, when I asked him what he had, he turned back a fold of the blanket and showed me the bloody, ghastly head of the man whom I had passed out a short time before as John Forbes. When I asked why they had killed him, I was told that the man was a guerrilla captain who had been guilty of murdering colored soldiers after they had been taken prisoner.

The head was taken to the fort and put on a pole at the gate, but as soon as Colonel Lawrence learned of the matter he ordered that it be at once taken down and buried.

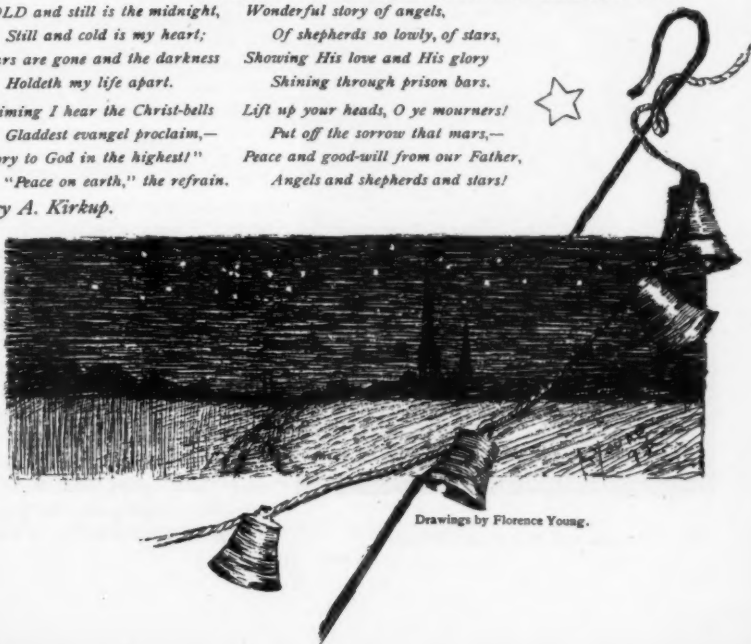
My orders were to turn over all passes at headquarters when relieved from duty, but this time I ventured to disobey orders so far as to retain the pass of John Forbes.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.



<i>COLD and still is the midnight,</i>	<i>Wonderful story of angels,</i>
<i>Still and cold is my heart;</i>	<i>Of shepherds so lowly, of stars,</i>
<i>Stars are gone and the darkness</i>	<i>Showing His love and His glory</i>
<i>Holdeth my life apart.</i>	<i>Shining through prison bars.</i>
<i>Chiming I hear the Christ-bells</i>	<i>Lift up your heads, O ye mourners!</i>
<i>Gladdest evangel proclaim,—</i>	<i>Put off the sorrow that mars,—</i>
<i>"Glory to God in the highest!"</i>	<i>Peace and good-will from our Father,</i>
<i>"Peace on earth," the refrain.</i>	<i>Angels and shepherds and stars!</i>

Mary A. Kirkup.



Drawings by Florence Young.

MERCY HOSPITAL.

BY MRS. A. L. MCGREW.

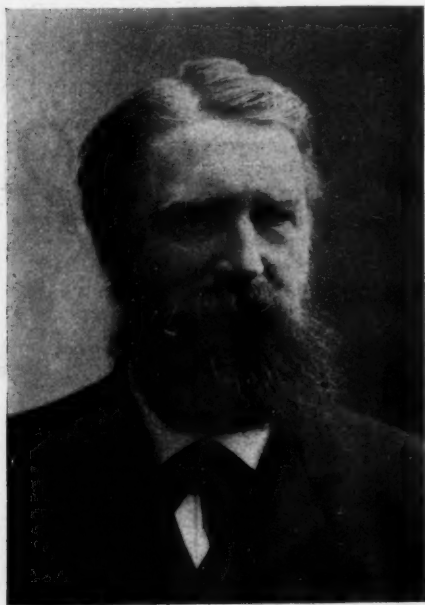
IT WILL detract nothing from this new and noble institution in Des Moines if we go back for a brief period to its parent in Davenport.

In the autumn of the year 1868, a young surgeon, looking with favor upon the fair young city and surrounding country, located in Davenport and identified himself with the best interests of the city of his adoption. Full of ambition, he verified the adage "It is pluck and not luck that weaves the web of life." He saw the pressing need of a hospital, and decided that one must be erected as early as possible. He became enthusiastic upon the subject. "Hospital" was his constant theme. He wished to have one which would reflect credit upon its found-

ders and merit the blessing of every sick and afflicted inmate; and, furthermore, he decided that it should be placed in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, for he held tender memories of their nursing and gentle ministrations. In the time of our Civil War this young surgeon was one among the many who heroically faced danger for duty. A severe wound took him to the door of death, but the careful nursing of the Sisters of Mercy brought him back to health. This surgeon was the lamented Dr. W. F. Peck.

Having enlisted the services of the pioneer priest, Father Palamorgus, the two called to their aid Father Borlando of Baltimore, and together these three philanthropists surveyed the situation.

The outlook was not flattering. Huge difficulties seemed in the way, but, with such perseverance as built the pyramids on Egypt's plains, they soon reduced seeming mountains to mole-hills. They secured a building remote from the city and in no way suitable for a hospital; but it was a beginning. They sent to Chicago for the Rev. Mother Baromeo and an assistant Sister to inaugurate the work of fitting the building for patients. The county loaned the Sisters \$2,000, to secure its speedy equipment. Wards were provided for the incurable insane of the county, and for the insane whose friends did not wish them taken to the State hospital. Success crowned every effort. The excellent management of the hospital and the ability of its medical staff were heralded far and wide, and patients came from the far West, and even Canada. From so small a beginning, how great has been the growth! Step by step the hospital has gained, until to-day it has an



THE LATE W. F. PECK, M. D.,
Founder of the Mercy Hospital, Davenport.

invested capital of over a quarter million dollars. On the 8th of December, 1894, they celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary in an appropriate manner.

Doctor Peck was the president of the institution, and was a pillar of strength until his death, which occurred December 12th, 1891. He was known through-

to her memory by the medical staff of the institution. One by one the founders of the hospital have passed to the "home beyond," but the memory of their lives crowned with good deeds is like the lasting fragrance of the rose.

But their mantle of usefulness has fallen upon willing shoulders. The noble work



MERCY HOSPITAL, CARRYING OUT THE ORIGINAL PLANS TO FULL COMPLETION.

out the Middle-West for his ability and sterling worth. Life to him meant no idle game, but was as full of duties as the sky is of stars. He believed in noble aim and earnest work. His dying words were of Mercy Hospital. A large portrait of the lamented doctor occupies a conspicuous place in one of the halls. Mother Baromeo, who was head of the institution, has finished her work also, and sleeps near the stately edifice, where she labored so long for the cause of humanity. A neat monument was erected

continues, and the citizens of Davenport speak with just pride of Mercy Hospital.

On the 28th of November, 1893, a delegation of the Sisters of Mercy from Davenport arrived in Des Moines to inaugurate the building of a commodious and well-equipped hospital, of which the State Capital was greatly in need. Assured of success by leading citizens, they immediately began a search for temporary quarters. A building was secured, which was formerly the handsome home of Major Hoyt Sherman.

The deft hands of the Sisters soon converted this dwelling into a hospital, with the end in view of a new building as early as possible. In a short time they had all the patients that their twelve-room house could accommodate. On the third day of July, 1894, ground was broken for the new hospital on Fourth and Ascension Streets, and on the 20th of February, 1895, the Sisters moved into their new home, which was formally opened on the twenty-third day of April following. It was an auspicious event. Hundreds of people viewed the beautiful edifice, which is built of red pressed-brick and finished throughout with Georgia pine. It has every modern convenience, is a place of real comfort, and everything about it is calculated to aid the patient's recovery. It stands on a high bluff, and the view is grand, look which way one will. From the east windows the Des Moines River and the high bluffs beyond and the State House and the Soldier's Monument can be seen, also the entire east side of the city; from the north window, Oak Park and Highland Park and Highland Park College with its adjacent halls, can be seen. To the

south and west, one can look down upon the busy West Des Moines, but its noisy traffic is too far removed to disturb the inmates of the hospital. Every room in the building is light, airy and inviting.

Wards and private rooms were elegantly furnished by the following individuals and companies: Bishop Cosgrove, Doctor McGorrisk, Doctor Cokenower, Rev. Father Flavin, Mr. and Mrs. Firestone, Younker Brothers, Younker Brothers' employes, American Daughters of Isabella, Mrs. M. Kennedy, employes of the Des Moines & Kansas City Railroad Company, employes of the Des Moines and St. Joseph Division of the Chicago & Great Western Railroad Company, the Des Moines Insurance Company, and a large ward furnished by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Polk County.

The operating-room of the hospital has perfect light and is furnished with every modern appliance. A glass operating-table was donated by the medical staff, also a large brass sterilizer, the finest west of New York. There is a large dispensary where the Sisters compound their medicine, a registry-room, a recep-



Photo by Pearson, Des Moines.

THE OPERATING ROOM, MERCY HOSPITAL.



Dr. T. F. Kelleher, President.
Dr. J. W. Cokenower.

Dr. F. E. Shore.
Dr. F. L. Wells, Secretary.

Dr. William VanWerden.
Dr. N. C. Schiltz.

THE REGULAR BOARD, MERCY HOSPITAL.

tion-room, a parlor and the chapel, each complete in its appointments.

This beautiful hospital, dedicated by the Sisters in charge to the use of the afflicted, is worthy of all that can be said in its favor. The name, "Sisters of Mercy," is a synonym for incomparable nursing. The entire lives of the members of the order are devoted to the work. Living apart from the world, they have not the world's atlas to carry upon their shoulders. Their mission is—with gentle hands and loving care—to soothe the sick and dying, to provide dainty nutriment, to encourage the despondent.

Many people have erroneous ideas concerning a hospital, and at the mention of one their thoughts become coffin-shaped; but a visit to Mercy Hospital

would speedily dispel the illusion. It is a non-sectarian institution. The religious belief of every patient is respected, and each has the privilege of inviting the pastor of his church whenever he may desire spiritual consolation. The physicians and surgeons who compose the regular staff and the consultants are gentlemen standing high in their profession—none higher—and patients coming from a distance are assured of as good medical attendance as the State affords.

None are exempt from disease or accident, for the angels of Joy and Sorrow walk the earth together. A peal of laughter, a wail of sorrow, a groan of pain, float upon every passing breeze. Our cup of joy is running over to-day; to-morrow, perchance, we drink to the dregs the cup of sorrow. Grateful recog-



Dr. L. W. Smouse.
Dr. G. F. Hanawalt.
Dr. E. H. Hazen.
Dr. W. C. Pipino.

Dr. J. T. Priestley.
Dr. Lewis Schooler.
Dr. E. H. Carter.
Dr. L. D. Rood. Dr. M. F. Patterson.

Dr. D. W. Finlayson.
Dr. R. A. Patchin.
Dr. E. J. McGorrick.
Dr. W. H. S. Matthews.

THE CONSULTING BOARD, MERCY HOSPITAL.

nition should be given the noble army of men and women, our physicians and nurses, who with moral heroism face danger in many forms, oftentimes going into the midst of pestilence to relieve pain and to rescue from the grave.

The managers of Mercy Hospital invite all who need their care to come to their pleasant retreat, and those who enter will not find "*Memento Mori*" written upon its walls, but, will find instead, the soul-inspiring word, "Hope."

HOME THEMES.

THE MOTHER LOVE.

Beloved, can it be that thou art dead?
Thou who, but yestere'en, within this room,
Sat close beside me when the daylight fled
And watched with me the stars shine through
the gloom!
Thy little hand that nestled in my own
Was pulsing warm with happy love and life,
Thy low, sweet laugh rang out in silvery tone,
Unmarred by time, untouched by pain or
strife.

But when again the stars to-night do shine,
I stand alone and watch thy dreamless rest;
My sweet child wife, thy tiny babe, and mine,
Close clasped in death, lies on thy pulseless
breast.

That little life that lingered but an hour,
Then, wailing, passed into the land unknown,—
Dear, could it be there was some subtle power
Taught it to know and claim thee for its own?

And did it pause, in its lone flight to Heaven,
Holding its tiny, helpless hands to thee,
Pleading thy gentle love and care be given?
And, seeing, thou couldst not resist its plea,
But, filled with new, sweet mother-love and
yearning,
Swiftly thy pitying soul did speed away,
And, from earth's hopes and joys forever
turning,
Bore thy sweet child to realms of endless
day?

Think not, dear love, that I do chide thee,
ever;
No love like mother-love was ever known;
That wondrous tie nor life nor death could
sever,
So dear to thee that unseen life had grown.
But when at eve the stars do shine, to-mor-
row,
And I thy new-made grave shall stand beside,
Help me, Oh God, to bear the bitter sorrow
That, while I live, will in my heart abide!

Maggie Walker Parsons.

EDUCATION.

Next to a fine character, the acquisition of knowledge is the best thing in the world. To grow old, like Solon, in the pursuit of learning is certainly one of the most satisfying pleasures of existence.

Considered in its finest relations to human life, education has failed to do its perfect work unless it has brought the young impressible mind into living contact with the great masters of the poetic and the ideal. "Blessed are they," says

Matthew Arnold, "who have heard such voices in their youth; they are a possession forever." By such fine companionship hard, prosaic natures are softened and refined, while delicate souls are inspired with the courage which struggles and fulfills.

Some one has justly said that genuine education and culture mean increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy,—in a word, the uplifting and upbuilding of the entire man. The finest satisfactions this world can offer belong to him who is at once intellectual and spiritually minded.

To know, to grow, to carry safely down through all the days of our years the heart's best and freshest impulses and join them to the maturity of age is the end of all true education, and the real preservative of human life.

Mrs. Lillian Monk.

It stood on a sunny slope with the graves of the dead clustering around it, lifting its arms to this western sky, the cross of a crucified Christ. I wondered for a moment if I was not living in Jerusalem nearly nineteen hundred years ago. So strange it seemed, that cross with its burden, looking down upon corn-fields and meadow-lands. So near it seemed to bring the words, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Dying long years ago in a far-away land, such a pitiful, terrible death, could His eyes, ere they closed, foresee that that cross of martyrdom would shadow all the world to-day? Would stand forth in the light of this latter day glory, preaching its wonderful message to human souls?

Mary E. P. Smith.



FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By F. E. WILLARD.

AS a rule those persons living west of the Mississippi River who have attained any considerable reputation as writers of fiction have been men and women of decided individuality, who have been deeply impressed by certain phases of the early pioneer life of their youth and have endeavored to reproduce its spirit and color, so far as possible, by means of the printed page. This life—which is so recent as to seem almost like current history, but which in reality is even now a thing of the past—will receive more attention from the historian a few years hence than it does to-day.

Among the better known of these writers, whose stories may be likened to kodak flashes upon the scenes of early pioneer life on the Western prairies, Mr. Frank W. Calkins holds a place peculiarly his own. In depicting the earliest phases of pioneer life in that region about the Upper Missouri, including Northwestern Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota, before the days of town-meetings and court-houses, and while the Indian still contested his title to the country, Mr. Calkins has been practically alone in the field. Although his work has been addressed in the main to juvenile readers, and has been published chiefly in the *Youth's Companion* and *Golden Days*, it is none the less realistic and valuable in its character.

Mr. Calkins was born in Iowa County, Wisconsin, shortly before the Civil War. His parents are of old New England stock, and inherited those qualities of character, of sturdy strength and intelligence, which have made New England famous for nearly three centuries.

He is a descendant in the eleventh generation of Hugh Calkins, who came from Wales to Massachusetts in 1638, and who, in after years, represented Gloucester in the Colonial legislature. Hugh Calkins was the progenitor of a large family of descendants, who took an active interest in the affairs of the times in which they lived. They were among the founders of Hartford, New London and Sharon, Connecticut. Mrs. Calkins, mother of the author, traces her ancestry back to the old Sprague and Ross families of Rhode Island. Thus on both sides the stock is thoroughly American. Ancestors of Mr. Calkins have proven their



FRANK W. CALKINS.

patriotism by fighting for their country in every war of our history, from King William's to the War of the Rebellion.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Calkins' father enlisted as a member of the Twenty-third Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. After its close the family removed to Clay County, Iowa, in May, 1866, where their home has been nearly ever since. Clay County was then a part of the extreme frontier, and far removed from railroad connections. The experiences and vicissitudes of those early pioneer days still furnish the first settlers with never-ending themes for interesting reminiscence.

The son, Frank, had entered the public schools of Wisconsin in his sixth year, and had made so good progress in his studies that at the age of nine he was able to enter an academy, where the next youngest pupil was five years older than himself. He had already outstripped the district schools of Iowa when his parents removed there, and his education henceforth was nearly all self-acquired from books and magazines. He early manifested one of his most marked characteristics—that of an omnivorous reader. At nine years of age he had read the Bible, Glück's Fairy Tales, Abbott's History of the Rebellion, and many other books. Thus his taste for good literature was early developed.

In his new home, despite the lack of suitable school advantages, the standard authors, *Harper's Monthly* and the *Youth's Companion* served to keep his mind active, and to furnish an intellectual recompense for the rather monotonous aspect of things upon a flat, treeless prairie. A lady who moved to the frontier village of Spencer in 1870 loaned him the back numbers of *Harper's*, from the very beginning of the magazine up to date. This great quantity of reading matter, thus opportunely placed at his service, was devoured *en masse*. An active memory served him well in holding to that which was worth remembering, and his mental development was rapid. It was, as he himself says, a

process of "soaking in knowledge," and he gained at the same time ideas of style and literary form. He spent some time at the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, where his rapid, plunging manner of going through books did not accord well with the strict requirements of the curriculum.

Although still a young man, Mr. Calkins' experiences entitle him to speak with the authority of personal knowledge concerning the subjects that in the main constitute the themes of his stories. In the summer of '75, he visited many parts of the West which were then wild and practically unknown to civilization. The man and the fitting experience fortunately met. Keen perceptive faculties, which had not failed to note much that was picturesque and peculiar to life on a flat stretch of weather-beaten prairie, added greatly to the mind's store of literary material.

He traveled by wagon train with several companions, and was among those who in August of that year ran the government blockade upon the Sioux reserve, and succeeded in reaching the heart of the Black Hills country. He and his companions were among those who founded Custer City, and "preempted" the first mining claims on French Creek. Their adventurous schemes were, however, nipped in the bud. A squad of United States cavalry, under the command of Captain Benteen, gathered them in and escorted them back to the Missouri, setting them free with the admonition to keep off the reserve until the government should be able to come to an agreement with the Indians. The country was thrown open to settlement a few days afterward, but the party did not return.

This trip furnished Mr. Calkins with the material for his first sketches. Fragments of personal experience, vividly narrated, and addressed to the *Youth's Companion*, *Golden Days* and other young people's journals, met with immediate success. Thus encouraged, he devoted the greater part of his atten-

tion to literary work during the following seven years. Sketches and serial stories followed in rapid succession. A good living was earned with the pen, and in addition the means for further travel and research. The name of the hitherto unknown country had suddenly become known to thousands of interested readers, and appeared prominently on the announcement pages of the most widely circulated of juvenile weeklies. During this period he visited many of the states and territories of the West and Southwest. He camped, tramped and hunted over a wide stretch of country between the British possessions and the Gulf of Mexico, the Great Lakes and the western slope of the Rockies. In these journeyings he mingled with all sorts and conditions of frontiersmen, and gained that intimate and varied local knowledge which characterizes his Western sketches.

During more recent years Mr. Calkins' attention has been diverted largely from the field of his earlier successes to business pursuits. He spent two years in the study of law, and later did an extensive business in real estate. The financial crisis of '93 taught him, and many others, that fortune, while constant in one field of activity, may be fickle in another, and his friends are pleased to note his present expressed purpose to henceforth devote his energies solely to the profession of literature.

Mr. Calkins has been a careful student, not only of current fiction and poetry but of the whole range of English and foreign literature. He has accustomed himself to regular habits of study, and it is a rare thing for the light in his room to be extinguished before midnight. His studies have not been confined to literature alone, for few men, other than specialists, are better informed along the lines of history, science, art, and even politics. In fact he has always taken a lively

personal interest in politics, and is in demand for forceful and telling campaign speeches. He is, however, a man of broad and liberal views in politics, as in everything else. His spirit is optimistic and cosmopolitan. The free atmosphere of the Great West, in which the incidents of most of his stories have their setting, is the atmosphere in which the forces of his life and character have had their development. They are conditions which produce activity, independence and freedom of thought.

Mr. Calkins' literary style is what one would expect from a knowledge of his character and habits of thought. It is direct and earnest, lucid and forceful, harmonizing perfectly with the nature of his favorite subjects. Had he devoted his entire attention to literature of late years, instead of turning to it only occasionally as a diversion from other labors, it is confidently believed that he would to-day be recognized wherever our current literature is read as the leading exponent of those peculiar phases of life of which he writes. As it is, he stands without any living superior in depicting scenes and incidents of the frontier life in that section of the Northwest which he has made his special study. In 1884, a competent and well-known literary critic writing from Boston, said: "We have come to regard him [Calkins] as truly the representative of the Great Northwest in literature, as Cable is of Louisiana, or Craddock of the Tennessee Mountains."

Mr. Calkins has only just entered upon the prime of life. In the ordinary course of events, he still has a whole generation of active usefulness before him. He has produced some of his best work within the past year and, if he shall adhere to his present expressed purpose, the literature upon which his reputation is eventually to rest is yet to be written.

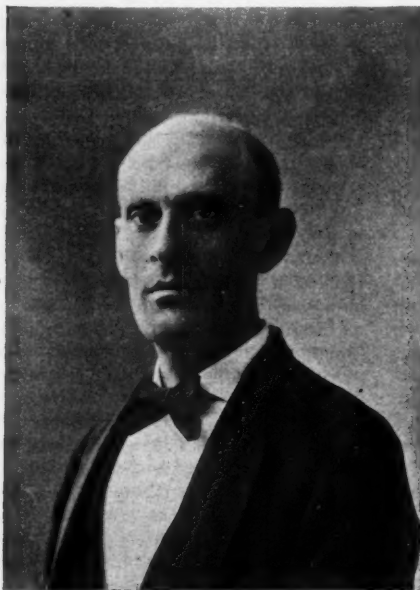
EDITORIAL COMMENT.

SHARING the general sorrow over the death of Eugene Field and feeling the deepest sympathy with those who mourn a husband and father gone, we do not also share the profound regret which many express in that the literary career of Eugene Field, the poet, is closed. That career was already rounded out into completeness. Already our keenest critics had pronounced this poet incapable of anything surpassing his few best and best known verses. Already the growing bent of the poet's mind toward Latin verse had given little promise of real flesh and blood poetry in the immediate future. If it is true that he had reached or was nearing the outermost limit of his powers, then—from a purely literary standpoint—it is best as it is. What real admirer of our Middle-Western poet would have him linger on, his power

gone, the spell of his name a fading memory! We recently came across a bit of trivial summer verse written by one who thirty odd years ago was one of our most popular poets. This same poet a few months before had sent *THE MIDLAND* another bit of verse which jingled like poetry but was only clever rhyming—only the re-threshing of old Virgilian straw. Our Middle-Western poet, had he lived on, might not thus have written himself out of the fame of his middle life. But this we know: Eugene Field had sung himself into the hearts of children and of fathers and mothers whose lives are close to the children. Is not that enough? What a gift was his! What a full and rounded out success was his! How the crest-hunting rich and the wealth-seeking wearers of inherited honors and the popularity-seeking and place-hunting politicians whom their promoters half satirically style "great" dwindle when compared with this man, who with a few simple little heart-songs had won the love of children, had found a place in the hearts of those who mourn and had entered the home and made it the happier and better for his presence!

* * *

CHRISTMAS DAY is fast nearing. Like Twinkle in one of *THE MIDLAND'S* Christmas stories, children everywhere are counting the intervening weeks and days, wondering how they can possibly wait so long for its coming. To us children of larger growth it is far easier—this lesson of waiting. But with some—perhaps many—grown-up men and women the coming of Christmas-time brings anything but eagerness. Instead there is a terror—purely of one's own creating—and all because of undue anxiety over the annually recurring problem of present-making. Vanity and vexation of spirit! This undue



From Photo by S. L. Stern, Milwaukee, with permission.
EUGENE FIELD.

anxiety robs the Christmas-time of all its old-time religious significance. It makes the exchange of Christmas presents an enormous social clearing-house affair — so much for so much. It fills the mind with vain imaginings as to what others may or may not do, and embarrassing speculations as to how best to keep up the exchange of presents without giving so little as to seem mean or so much as to seem lavish. What a burden many make of it — this annual round-up of giving and getting!

* * *

"THE DOOM OF THE SMALL TOWN."

"The Doom of the Small Town," is the question-begging title of a strangely pessimistic paper which appeared in the April *Forum*. It was written by Mr. Henry J. Fletcher, of Minneapolis, author of a number of economic papers which have recently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Fletcher was for years a resident of Maquoketa, Iowa, and in the course of his reasoning he draws a picture of the changed conditions in the river counties of Iowa within his own recollection and coming under his own observation, the inference being that the gloomy picture he has drawn illustrates the prevalent condition of the small towns in the entire State, and in all the other states of the Middle-West. He writes pathetically of "the silent tragedy" being enacted in a multitude of small towns in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Michigan, "the richest and best watered region in the United States," the tragedy referred to being the continual sapping of their township population to feed the rapacity of railroad corporations and to further the abnormal growth of the large cities. After presenting a truthful picture of the natural advantages of these mid-land states, this writer adds:

"Yet in these rich states, empires of themselves, and in the finest counties of each, forces are at work to check the growth and stifle the vitality of nearly half their townships."

Before we accept as fact the existence of these alarming forces here mentioned,

let us see for ourselves whether the conditions described by this writer do actually obtain.

Mr. Fletcher declares, on authority of the last United States census, that in these five states, from 1880 to 1890, there was gain of population in 3,003 townships and loss of population in 3,144 townships. The showing is to him conclusive evidence that railroad discriminations against intermediate points have sealed the doom of the small town, and consequently "there is no prospect for the latter but gradual extinction."

It is not necessary in this connection to point to the changed conditions of labor following the invention of machinery which has made the old diversification of village industries a thing of the past. Mr. Fletcher himself has done this. He vividly pictures the almost total absorption of several of the village trades and the total obliteration of others by the use of machinery and the consequent concentration of manufactories in the cities. This of itself is enough, one would think, to account for all the depression to which the census of 1890 points. But, instead of recognizing this potent force, at work upon small communities everywhere, as largely responsible for this decadence, he sees in the figures chiefly the consequence of one great first cause — namely, the all-grasping policy of the railroads.

To this writer it goes for nothing that railroad rates have been forced down and down, until the railroad question of the day has come to be a legal one — namely:

"What constitutes a living rate?" It is nothing to him that the railroads have extended their lines into every county in Iowa and nearly if not quite every county in the four other states he names. Lost on him is the evident fact that the "gradual extinction" of the small towns would be a "silent tragedy" to the railroads themselves and to the people living in those towns, and therefore cannot be the purpose of the roads.

If the major premise of the *Forum* contributor be correct, then is our faith in the Middle-West vain, and the sooner

we emigrate the better for us all; for, with only one overwhelmingly large city to which the towns of the Mississippi Valley are tributary, the "doom of the small town" speaks the general doom of all that region stretching all the way from Chicago to the Missouri and from St. Paul and Minneapolis to St. Louis. But, happily, Mr. Fletcher's major premise is not correct.

In the first place, Mr. Fletcher groups five states and labels them decadent when only two of the five give even this surface indication of decadence. His tabular statement shows that between 1880 and 1890 Ohio lost population in 755 townships and gained in 529; and that Illinois lost in 800 townships and gained in 579; but that Indiana gained in 496 townships and lost in 482; Iowa gained in 893 and lost in 691, and Michigan gained in 506 and lost in 416. Why advertise these states as "decadent" when the census shows only growth in general and movement of population?

But showings by townships are misleading. Suppose ten townships indicate a loss of from one to ten inhabitants — say a loss of thirty all told. Now, suppose the adjoining townships together show a gain of thirty to fifty inhabitants — say a gain of a hundred — does the showing prove decadence? No; it only proves a redistribution of population.

After reading Mr. Fletcher's doleful tale of decadence and startling prophecy of extinction, the reader finds himself wondering how it happened that with this policy of gradual extinction in full operation, there should nevertheless have been actual growth in a very large minority of the towns of Ohio and Illinois and in a majority of the towns of Michigan, Indiana and Iowa.

Mr. Fletcher finds that Iowa with its two million population has more miles of railway than New York with its six million. And yet, right here where the railroad corporations reach into every county in the State, there was during that decade of readjustment and redis-

tribution of population a gain in population in 893 townships and a loss in only 720!

But this *Forum* contributor selects a few counties in Iowa as especially bad examples of this "gradual extinction" policy. Let us follow in the track of this devastation and see what there is of the startling report rendered. The counties selected are those lying along the Rock Island Railroad between Des Moines and Davenport and those lying along the Mississippi River. Here Mr. Fletcher finds the "evil influence" especially marked. That influence he finds to be none other than the inequality of transportation charges. Now, we are not attempting to argue the freight-rate question with Mr. Fletcher. Doubtless there are unequal rates that should be remedied and other wrongs that need righting. The point we make is this: Assuming, for the moment, that the railroads are so unwise as to seek to kill by slow starvation the goose that will lay golden eggs for them when sufficiently nourished, how can Mr. Fletcher explain the persistency of the goose in living on, and growing, despite this alleged gradual extinction policy? If his answer be that the small towns live in spite of the railroads, then his declaration that they cannot live and that their time on earth is short, is, to say the least, unfounded. "But," the reader may say, "you, too, are begging the question. You are assuming growth, when Mr. Fletcher produces figures to show decadence." The criticism is just. We therefore proceed to fortify our assertion.

In the Eastern Iowa counties he finds the strongest exemplification of his theory. Ignoring the enormous growth of the western half of the State, he follows the track of the devastation from Des Moines to the Mississippi and then up and down the river, only to find business dwindling and industries starving, "until dilapidation seems their natural condition and public spirit dies away."

Then, to substantiate this finding, he

reports the losses not by counties but by straggling townships—14 townships in Polk, 14 in Jasper, 13 in Poweshiek, 15 in Iowa, 19 in Johnson, 11 in Muscatine and 14 in Scott. Turning to the official sources quoted in the *Forum*, we find that Polk County in 1880 had a population of 42,395, and in 1890 its population was 65,410.

"But that growth was in Des Moines." Yes, but Des Moines is not a terminal point of the railroads; it is at the mercy of the roads same as the other towns along the trunk lines. And, again, the value of every farm in Polk County is enhanced by the growth of its county seat. In those ten years of readjustment Jasper's population fell off from 25,963 to 24,943. Poweshiek fell off from 18,936 to 18,270. Iowa County dwindled from 19,221 to 18,270; Johnson, from 25,429 to 23,046. Muscatine increased from 23,170 to 24,504. Scott increased from 41,266 to 43,164. Is this a bad showing for the four counties between Polk and Muscatine? Let us look closer. We find by the State census of 1885 that the loss in Poweshiek occurred from 1880 to 1885 and that from 1885 to 1890 there was growth! Growth also from 1885 to 1890 in Iowa and Johnson! At this rate of "gradual extinction," when may we look for the end?

Let us follow the line of devastation along the Mississippi River. Starting off with Lee County and ascending the river, we find that county gained 2,856 in population in those ten trying years. Des Moines County in the same time gained 2,225. Louisa lost 1,269. Muscatine gained 1,334. Scott gained 1,898. Clinton gained 4,436. Jackson (Mr. Fletcher's former home) lost 1,000. Dubuque gained 6,852. Clayton lost 2,096. Allamakee lost 1,884.

Here certainly are some suggestions of Mr. Fletcher's dream of "gradual extinction." But, fortunately, another census has been taken since this pessimistic wail was voiced in the *Forum*. The State census of 1895 effectually disproves the misleading and damaging utterance of last April, and proves beyond any re-

maining question that—whether with the help of the railroads or despite the railroads, matters not so far as our present purpose extends—this great Middle-West—vast aggregation of small towns as it is—is rising superior to all obstacles and fast fulfilling its destiny. We have waited for the official returns to verify our position, and the figures are now before us. Take these same counties—alleged to be steadily and gradually nearing the point of total extinction!—and what do they show?

	1880.	1895.	Gain.
Polk	65,410	72,888	7,478
Jasper	24,934	25,891	957
Poweshiek	18,394	18,524	130
Iowa	18,270	18,964	694
Johnson	25,082	25,563	481
Lee	37,715	39,528	1,813
Des Moines	35,324	37,629	2,305
Louisa	11,873	12,786	913
Muscatine	24,504	25,320	816
Scott	43,164	45,869	2,705
Clinton	41,199	43,398	2,199
Jackson	22,771	23,471	700
Dubuque	49,848	60,177	10,329
Clayton	26,733	26,570	*163
Allamakee	17,907	17,981	74

* Loss.

This, then, is the latest official showing of "gradual extinction" in the counties especially selected as the best—that is the worst—examples of the destruction of the small towns. If an objection be made that the growth is mainly in the larger cities, we answer: "Yes," if you call our Iowa cities large; but "mainly" is the word, not altogether. In several of these counties the cities have not grown as fast as the counties they are in. But this objection does not explain away the growth of the smaller counties alongside the larger—such as Jasper, Poweshiek, Iowa, Louisa and Jackson—the last-named presumably the point from which this writer drew his harrowing picture of ruin and decay.

But, why linger in one portion of the State selected as "meetest for death?" We could fill pages showing growth of the unlooked for small towns of Iowa—and that, too, during a period of great general business depression, and we have thus far learned of less than a dozen small towns of Iowa that have not grown during the past five years.

Hastening to a conclusion of the subject, we have only to point to the grand total of population in Iowa,—a State with no overpowering great cities, a commonwealth made up of small towns,—to totally undermine the whole argument of the *Forum* article, based as it is upon an assumption of facts which do not exist.

In 1880 Iowa's population was 1,624,615.

In 1890 it was 1,911,896.

In 1895 it is 2,057,250.

* * *

THE sixth Type of Midland Beauty presented in this magazine is the work of Dawson, the Albia photographer, engraved by Binner, of Chicago. The modest little beauty who sat for the picture is Miss Melissa Katherine Taylor, of Albia, Iowa, a young lady who gives abundant promise as a vocalist.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

A true poet, possibly our greatest poet,* is Thomas Bailey Aldrich. A pretty little book entitled "Later Lyrics,"* selected from *Mercedes*, *The Sisters' Tragedy*, *Wyndham Towers* and *Unguarded Gates*, gives the reader new proof of Mr. Aldrich's power. These lyrics reveal more tenderly than ever before the poet's deep sympathy with nature. They all have that undertone of sadness ever to be found in the song of those who turn to nature for companionship. The coming of Spring is to this poet an inspiration. At sight of the first crocus he sings:

"A sudden tremor goes
Into my mind and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and
blows."

In the same poem, "A Touch of Nature," he claims to share—

"The tremulous sense of bud and briar
And inarticulate ardors of the vine."

In "Threnody" occur the lines—

"Unvexed by any dream of fame,
You smiled and bade the world pass by."

Equally exquisite is that voice of sadness, "A Mood," in which the poet acknowledges the spell of—

"Some vague, remote ancestral touch of
sorrow or of sadness;
A fear that is not fear, a pain that has not
pain's insistence."

Not easily forgotten are the lines from the poem on Sargent's portrait of Edwin Booth—

"That face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite."

"Casa Braccio,"† by F. Marion Crawford, has come out from *The Century* and taken its place in the now good-sized col-

lection of Mr. Crawford's novels. It appears in two pretty green and gold covers with numerous exquisite illustrations by that master of the engraver's art, Castaigne, whose recent work in *The Century* has done much to raise the standard of magazine illustrating. "Casa Braccio" is Mr. Crawford's twenty-fifth novel. It is "affectionately dedicated" to the author's wife. Just why this novel should have been thus signally honored does not yet appear; for it cannot be that even the most partial reader of the twenty-five novels from this author's pen is likely to say that it is best of them all.

"Casa Braccio" is a connecting link between Rome, the scene of the author's most popular novels, and New York, the city in which his new work finds local habitation. Gloria Dalrymple may be said to be that link. She is a New York girl connected with the coterie of rather common-place aristocrats, introduced to the reader in "Katherine Lauderdale" and to be passed on through "The Ralstons" to the forthcoming next of the series. The atmosphere of a Roman convent pervades the story, and in the shadow of old churches and of narrow streets and passages the traditional dagger of the Italian assassin gleams. Intrigue and crime involve Angus Dalrymple and his daughter Gloria and her husband, the artist, Paul Griggs, in whom the followers of the Ralston family's fortunes have already become interested. Above all this wickedness a sweet, sad face is seen,—that of the unwisely-loving nun, Sister Maria Addolorata. Through all the after-misery moves the passionate Donna Francesca. The story is a tragedy, the blackness of which must impart a borrowed intensity to the otherwise not very startling follies of the Ralstons.

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Sold by L. B. Abdlil, Des Moines. \$1.00.

† Macmillan & Co., New York. \$2.00.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

TO PROFITABLY INTEREST THE BOYS AND GIRLS—QUESTIONS SUGGESTED (BUT NOT ANSWERED) BY ARTICLES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER OF THE MIDLAND.

TEN PRIZES AWARDED.

The Ten Girls or Boys under Eighteen years of age who, before the 15th day of December, mail us the best set of answers to the following questions will each be given a year's subscription to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. The subscription may begin with any month the winner may desire, and will be credited up to any person the winner may name. Adults may assist the competitors, but the answers must be prepared by the girls and boys themselves. No answers received at this office after December 20th.

RULES GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

1. Each competitor must cut out the questions given below and pin them to the upper left-hand corner of the first one of the pages on which the answers are written.
2. The answers must be numbered to correspond with the accompanying questions.
3. The answers must be plainly written in ink (not typewritten), must be short and to the point.
4. Send no accompanying letter. Send nothing but the printed questions and your written answers, your name, age, and postoffice address. If a resident of a large city, add street address. Patiently wait the announcement of the result, in the December number. Write the publisher, telling him whom to send the magazine to and when to begin the subscription.

PUBLISHER MIDLAND MONTHLY, *Des Moines, Iowa.*

THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

1. What became of "that arch-corruptionist, Tweed," after "the great uprising in New York City"? (p. 483.)
2. About how far from Richmond is Appomattox? (p. 486.)
3. When and where did General Scott die? (p. 486.) When and where did General Custer die? (p. 486.)
4. What position does Colonel Frederick D. Grant now hold? (p. 487.)
5. With what historic event is Major Anderson's name connected? (p. 487.)
6. Who was Pontiac? (p. 494.)
7. Miss Harriet Monroe wrote a famous dedicatory ode—on what occasion? (p. 495.)
8. When did Chaucer live and what is his greatest work? (p. 497.)
9. When was the Elizabethan Era? (p. 497.)
10. Where is Korea? (p. 508.)
11. What is Buddhism? (p. 509.)
12. Who was Confucius? (p. 510.)
13. What is the principal work of a Normal School? (p. 524.)
14. What is "copyright"? (p. 549.)
15. What is a myth? (p. 555.)
16. Who was Renan? (p. 555.)
17. What were the principal duties of a provost marshal during the war? (p. 559.)
18. Who are Sisters of Mercy? (p. 562.)
19. How old was Eugene Field? (p. 572.)
20. Has Thomas Bailey Aldrich written anything in prose? History, description, fiction, criticism or—what? (p. 576.)

THE SUCCESSFUL TEN LAST MONTH.*

- Jessie E. Palmer, age 10, 224 East Ridge street, Marquette, Mich.
Georgia T. Ketcham, age 14, Anamosa, Iowa.
Cora Weber, age 17, Lansing, Minn.
Ruth Vorse, age 16, 818 Eighteenth street, Des Moines.
Laura Blanche Thornely, age 17, 1391 Iowa street, Dubuque.
Grace A. Funk, age 15, Manning, Iowa.
Julia Rindlaub, age 15, Platteville, Wis.
Jessie Clement, age 15, Gorin, Mo.
Fannie Dickey, age 15, Sheffield, Iowa.
Robert Clark McElravy, age 16, West Liberty, Iowa.

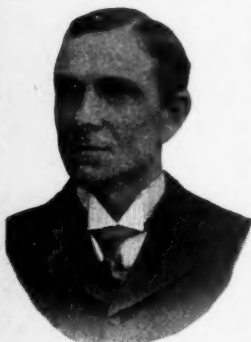
* Write the publisher, telling him whom to send your subscription to and when to begin it.

THE GEO. A. MILLER PRINTING CO.

511 WEST LOCUST STREET, DES MOINES, IOWA.

IN NO department of human ingenuity and activity has there been a more rapid progression than that noticeable in the field of printing. From the days of Gutenberg, with his rude and simple process of printing from movable type on a hand-press of the crudest design to the present time with the typesetting machine and its perfecting press so wonderful in their construction as to seem almost human in their operations, is only a short span as we count time now. To take the reader through the varying stages of evolution and progression which has led up to the wonderful results of the present time, would occupy many pages of this magazine. When the old-fashioned hand-press gave way to the single cylinder machine, it was then thought that the acme of perfection had

been reached in the line of printing presses. But after that came the double cylinders with an increased capacity and speed, and then the mammoth Hoe, with its monstrous cylinder, so constructed that from four to eight "feeders" could operate at the same time, and thus instead of printing one paper with each revolution of the



GEO. A. MILLER.

cylinder several could be executed. Later on came the web perfecting press, which printed from a continuous roll of paper, turning out a perfected paper every half second, and it was then supposed that the limit of human ingenuity had been reached. But there were other improvements and still more rapid facilities, until to-day there are presses that can turn out 60,000 complete papers every hour.

While in the line of typesetting there have been many improved adjuncts, still until within a short period the old system of setting type by hand was adhered to. When it was announced that a machine had been invented that would set type, dispensing with the old-fashioned hand methods the statement was received with incredulity. It was not believed that such a thing was possible, for the reason that the process of type-setting required a degree of intelligence with which it was not believed a machine could be invested. But it has been done, and the printing

fraternity and the whole world stand amazed over the wonderful mechanism and almost human intelligence of the celebrated Mergenthaler machine, which is capable of accomplishing as much work with one operator as seven men could perform by the former hand methods. These machines are now used in nearly all the metropolitan newspaper offices of the country, but the only job printing office in the West that has ventured the use of them in the manufacture of books, pamphlets, law briefs, catalogues and such work, is the Geo. A. Miller Printing Company of Des Moines. Speaking of this firm and its new departure, the *Western Economist* of this city, in a recent issue, said:

This firm, whose reputation for fine work has extended all over the West, has now in operation a battery of three of the latest improved Linotype machines, operated by experienced men, and turning out some excellent work. One machine will do the work of three men who set type by hand, and the result is that Miller is able to offer prices on work which his competitors cannot duplicate. He is getting the work, and he deserves it, for he is the only man who had the nerve to cut away from the old-fashioned methods, and adopt the latest improvements. It was a large undertaking, and required a large outlay of cash, but the Geo. A. Miller Printing Company does not allow expenses to stand in the way of its keeping to the front and "up to date" in all the details of its business.

The quality of work done by these machines is unsurpassed. The type is cast from metal every time the operator touches a key, and each job has the advantage of being printed from new type,—a point that should not be overlooked by those who have printing to do.

Brief work is made a specialty, and lawyers all over the West will do well to figure with the Miller Company before placing their orders for large briefs. Insurance companies and building loan associations which have pamphlets of any kind to print, should first secure figures from Miller before placing their orders. They will find he can save money for them, and at the same time get their work out more promptly than the slow-going establishments which still cling to the old-fashioned methods. The type-setting machine has not only revolutionized the mechanical part of the printing business, but it has revolutionized prices, and the man who is willing to pay excessive figures for work done by the old plan of hand work is not doing himself or his business justice.



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MENTION THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

Iowa Christian Sanitarium, DES MOINES, IOWA.



An establishment for the scientific treatment of chronic sufferers. A luxuriant resting place for the overworked, and an incomparable home for the sick. Thorough equipment. Thirteen acres of beautiful grounds. Mineral spring of the same virtues as the well-known Colfax water. The most approved treatment in every case, under the care of Des Moines' leading physicians and surgeons. Skilled Nurses, Electricity, Hydrotherapy, Massage, Hygienic Dieting, etc., etc. For further information, address

IOWA CHRISTIAN SANITARIUM, Des Moines, Iowa.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THERE are those who patronize Western magazines solely by showing up their shortcomings, and who patronize Eastern magazines by buying them. That's the way they take to develop the literary independence of the West! But the broad-minded, far-seeing, large-souled magazine readers of the Middle-West are rallying to the support of the representative magazine of the Middle-West, and the December MIDLAND is in evidence as to the wisdom of their course.

Do you want to see still further improvement in THE MIDLAND? Then locally, generally, every way, help increase the number of its readers. A magazine is a costly thing and every advance increases the cost. The growth of the magazine in its artistic and literary

features will depend upon its growth in circulation. In these two test years, THE MIDLAND has demonstrated its right and ability to live. In the coming year, 1896, its publisher will determine whether or not the people of the Middle-West appreciate what it has done, is doing, and gives promise of doing. In other words, the people of the Middle-West will now at the close of these two test years determine by their subscriptions and their active influence whether they want their representative magazine to grow, or stand still, or dwindle. There are scores of towns that are doing all that could be expected of them for the upbuilding of Midland literature—there are hundreds of other towns that are doing something for this worthy purpose, but not half what they should do. Should the enterprise

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

A CIRCLE OF STRONG COLLEGES.

BROAD FOUNDATION.



ELECTIVE COURSES.

A STEADY GAIN IN EACH YEAR.

Wm. Meares & Co.,

.....
Tailors.

Exclusive Styles in English
and Scotch Suitings for Fall
and Winter.

YOUNGERMAN BLOCK,
DES MOINES, IOWA.

Smith & Nutter,

--- IMPORTING ---

.....
TAILORS.



Fine Woolens.
312 Fourth, Grand Opera House Block.
DES MOINES, IOWA.

Publisher's Notes—Continued.

of which we are at the head ever go down—as it will not so long as hard work and strong faith, backed by abundant means, are united in this glorious enterprise—then the youngest reader of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is not likely to see another high-class literary magazine between Chicago and San Francisco. If, on the other hand, the reading public of the Middle-West stand by *their* magazine, work for *their* magazine, patronize

the advertising patrons of *their* magazine, stimulate the work of the local agents of *their* magazine—the publishers, postmasters and newsdealers—and the publisher direct by placing *their* magazine in the hands of their friends as per his special Christmas offer (on another page), then we shall see such a development of Midland literature and art as has been undreamt of in their wildest dreams for *their* magazine's future.

A Store with features that interest and is of greatest importance to the ladies of this city and of the State.
A Store where everything is looked after with intelligence—and where assortments and qualities give the assurance of the greatest ease and pleasure in shopping.
A Store where the interest does not cease with the purchase—our confidence in the "goodness" of our goods—is the incentive that is the shopper's surest protection.

WHEN THINKING OF DRY GOODS,
...THINK OF US...

THE BEST EQUIPPED
MAIL ORDER.....
DEPARTMENT IN.....
THE WEST.....

YOUNKERS,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Publisher's Notes—Continued.

"HAVE the ten-cent magazines hurt THE MIDLAND?" No. Our cash sales to our general agents, the Western News Company of Chicago, are larger than ever before, and our subscription list has rapidly increased.

There isn't a ten-cent magazine on the general market to-day that isn't the creature of the advertisers, dependent for its very life on advertising—"and lots of it." The enormous circulation they claim is part of the necessity of their case as artfully presented before their advertisers. They must keep up this showing of circulation or even the strongest financial backing cannot save them.

And yet there is now and then a man or woman of the Middle-West who would starve a middle-western magazine to death because its price—that of the average country weekly—is five cents more per copy, or fifty cents more a year, than certain Eastern magazines that are bolstered up by Eastern advertising! We find no fault with such—they know what they want. We only wonder at the tameness of their surrender to Eastern domination in literature and their lack of interest in the development of the talent THE MIDLAND is continually discovering

and developing all about them. Fortunately for this magazine the masses take a higher view of the question, and are rallying to the support and upholding of the magazine that carries in its future the hopes of Midland writers and the promise for Midland literature.

Begin now to make out your list of persons to whom you propose to send Christmas presents. Is money a little scarce with you? Do you want to make five or ten dollars go a long way down your list? A timely suggestion: Send us \$5 and five names, or \$10 and ten names, and we will at once mail to each address a copy of this beautiful Christmas number and a receipt for THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND MONTHLY Magazine for 1896. What more thoughtful act of remembrance could you perform? What present could you send that would give your friends more real all-the-year-round gratification? This suggestion holds good as long as the Christmas MIDLANDS hold out.

The Providence, R. I., *News*, by arrangement with this magazine, publishes entire the illustrated paper on "The Associated Press," which appeared in the October MIDLAND.

1865.

HOLIDAYS.

1895.

HENRY PLUMB, Jeweler.....

Diamonds, Watches,
Silverware, Jewelry,
Clocks, Etc.....

FINEST STOCK IN IOWA.
CORRECT STYLES.
BOTTOM PRICES GUARANTEED.

417 Walnut Street,

DES MOINES, IOWA.



TOUBES & JACOBSON,

FURRIERS

Sealskin Garments
a Specialty.

706 Walnut Street,
DES MOINES, IOWA.

Publisher's Notes—Continued.

The pupils of the High School at Delta, Iowa, have set the pupils of larger schools an excellent example. They have organized a literary society that, in addition to planning a lecture course, has opened a library and reading-room in the building. On the reading table are found the leading periodicals of the day, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY the most sought for of all.

Mrs. Pauline Given Swalm of Oskaloosa, one of the ablest women in American journalism, has a strong paper in the

November *New Cycle* on "The Citizenship of Woman."

"THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has been added to the High School reading-table." This item appears in a weekly newspaper of another enterprising town in Iowa. Why shouldn't THE MIDLAND and other representative American magazines be upon every high school reading-table in this midland region? But perhaps your high school has no reading-table. If not, why not?

HARRIS-EMERY COMPANY'S NEW RESTAURANT AND CAFE.

Under Management of C. A. Matteson, of Chicago,

Is meeting with marked success. The Harris-Emery Co. have taken full charge of it themselves. They have enlarged the rooms to double their former size, and have added every improvement in kitchen, pantry and larder to make it a first-class restaurant and cafe throughout. The ORDER BILL contains everything carried by a first-class cafe for

Short Orders - - - - -

From their daily menu you can select a dinner for 25 cents that cannot be matched at any hotel for 50 cents. They also have a

Special Ladies' Lunch Card,

Which they call afternoon or shopping lunch, and we suggest that you call and "sample their lay-out" whenever you visit Des Moines.

Their New Departure - - -

For their out-of-town customers is this: They will furnish, with lodging and breakfast, in a number of private families in the best part of the city, to any one who wishes to come to Des Moines to trade and stay over night or more, as follows:

Single persons, room, bed and breakfast 75c and \$1.00

Two persons in room, bed and breakfast for the two \$1.00 and \$1.50

They will furnish any regular meal at their restaurant, be it dinner, supper or breakfast, for

25c a Meal, - - - - -

Or you can order what you want cooked to order. They would prefer to know of your coming one day in advance. For further information correspond direct with

HARRIS-EMERY CO., DES MOINES, IOWA.

Strangers reading the above might think we had gone into the Hotel Business, but we assure you that while we refresh the inner man, and furnish these other conveniences, we are in the Dry Goods Business in everything that pertains thereto. Use our mail order department if you cannot visit us.

TRUTH

is stranger than fiction is an old saying. The strange part of our truth is we are selling among a hundred bargains, a Cork Sole, Hand Welt, Lace Shoe on our new pencil toe last, or Button Shoe on our narrow square toe last, for fall and winter wear

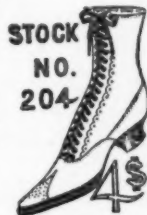
FOR \$4.00

Sizes, 2 to 8—AA to E. Thoroughly guaranteed in every respect.
FREE on application our complete Catalogue of Shoes.

FOREMAN SHOE COMPANY,

N.W. Cor. State and Madison Sts., CHICAGO.

Mention this Paper.



Publisher's Notes—Continued.

The Ladies' Literary Clubs of Michigan will be finely presented, with portraits and other illustrations, in the February MIDLAND. The paper will be written by Mrs. H. S. Russell, prominent in the Michigan Federation.

Miss Rosa Hudspeth will have a "Story of the Sand Hills" in the January MIDLAND.

THE MIDLAND's next number, out about Christmas-time, will contain a pretty story

for girls, "Little Mattie's Christmas," by Clara H. Holmes. The scene is laid in the mining town of Cripple Creek, Colorado.

The Descriptive Paper prize in THE MIDLAND's October competition has been awarded—a paper by Mrs. Virginia H. Reichard, of Des Moines; subject, "A Glimpse of Acadia." The prize paper with illustrations from Acadian scenery and life will be published in the January number of this magazine.

621 Walnut Street.

621 Walnut Street.

WEST END HOUSE, (MOERSHELL BROS.)

... Ladies House for ...

Our
Specialties . . .

Dry Goods, Millinery, &c.



Silks—The newest and choicest.

Dress Goods—Always a fine and desirable assortment to choose from. Our Black Goods department is full of every weave, every price, and every kind in plain and figured fabrics.

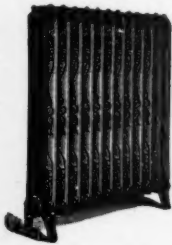
Linen Department—Our Napkins and Table Linens are all new designs and the best wearing in the market. Good Table Damasks, 50c, 75c, and 90c. **Millinery** Show Rooms always contain the most elaborate dress hats, as well as styles that will suit quiet tastes, and anything made to order on short notice.

FUR CAPES AND CLOAKS.

This new department has been a success, and we ask our patrons to come and visit our **second floor**, where all kinds of goods are shown for ladies' wear, including Art Department, every kind of Embroidery, Silks, Stamped Linens, and all requirements for fancy work are kept.

Ladies! Come and see Us.
No better place in the city to do your shopping.

MOERSHELL BROS.

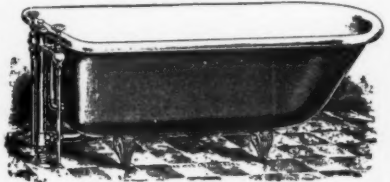


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Apparatus, Sanitary Plumbing, Gas Fitting, etc.

DEALERS IN

**Water, Steam,
and Plumbing
Supplies**



... Telephone 68 ...

715 Walnut Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Publisher's Notes—Continued.

The Holley Press Club of Belmond has issued a very creditable Women's edition of the *Iowa Valley Press*. Its literary contributions and portraits give the edition permanent value. This club of ladies was named in honor of Miss Marietta Holley, author of "Josiah Allen's Wife" and other popular humorous works. It is the ambition of this club to organize a State Press Association of Women. Officered by such fine minds as Emma D. Paige, Alice P. Luick, Bertha P. Englet

and Mary Fellow, all things are possible to them, in that direction at least. Readers of THE MIDLAND will recall "A Summer Night in Fairyland," by Miss Luick, and future readers will hear from Miss Englet.

George Eliot, Emerson and Walt Whitman separately confessed that their favorite book was "Rousseau's Confessions." Elbert Hubbard, in "The Philistine," says the book chiefly commended itself by the absolute honesty of the confessions.

DES MOINES CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

416-418 WALNUT STREET.

JOHN SINCLAIR, DIRECTOR.
WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS.

Recital Hall, 604 Walnut St.

... FACULTY. ...

Piano School.—John Sinclair, Principal; Mrs. Annie Andrus, Albert H. Meyer, Flora Moore.

Harmony, Counterpoint, Composition and Musical History.—M. M. Alsbury, Principal; Ori Howell.

Church Music School.—Organ, John Sinclair; Voice, the Director, Mrs. H. R. Reynolds.

Violin and Orchestral School.—M. M. Alsbury (late of Boston), Principal; Violin and Viola, M. M. Alsbury; Clarinet, Chas. Kromer; Cornet, Rod. Malone; Violoncello, Gustav L. Poehring; French Horn, L. W. Burchard; Flute and Piccolo, Lee H. Davies; Trombone and Brass Instruments, Jas. E. Martin.

Vocal School.—John Sinclair, Principal; Mrs. W. P. Guiberson.

Guitar and Mandolin.—Adda Pearsall.

Banjo.—Homer Chalet Garber.

Harp.—A. J. Kromer.

Sight Reading and Music in Public Schools.—Mrs. H. R. Reynolds.

Acoustics.—Ori Howell (late Leipzig Conservatory, Germany).

Modern Languages.—L. D. Ventura, B. es L., Principal; French and Italian, L. D. Ventura; German, Albert H. Meyer.

Elocution and Delsarte.—Miss Minee Cady.

Physical Culture.—Ernest Von Bieberstein, (late Royal Gymnastic Central Institute, Berlin).

The Des Moines Conservatory of Music

Is an institution thoroughly organized with a corps of competent teachers in the various departments.

The object is to offer superior advantages in all branches of musical art, to assist in establishing a proper standard of attainment and to educate its patrons according to that standard.

Our methods of instruction are similar to those of the best Conservatories in this country and Europe and aim at the production of intelligent musicians in the various departments of musical activity.

Dr. McCarty's Dental Rooms,

423 WALNUT STREET,
CORNER FIFTH.

All kinds of Gold, Crown and Bridge Work at reasonable rates. Teeth extracted ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN by Dr. McCarty's new method.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

COR. W. WALNUT AND FIFTH STS.,
DES MOINES, IOWA.

Over Tinsley Bros' Store.

Chicago Dental Parlors, Specialists in..... Painless Dentistry.

They use no gas, no ether, no narcotized air, hence have no bad effects. Teeth extracted without pain. No charge for extracting teeth when plates are made.

Gold Crown, Porcelain Crown, Gold Plates, Aluminum Plates a specialty. Cap and Bridge work at reasonable rates.

All operators are expert graduates, who guarantee work as advertised.

CHICAGO DENTAL PARLORS,

Good Block, N. W. Cor. Fifth and Walnut Sts.
DES MOINES, IOWA.

Publisher's Notes—Continued.

A Descriptive List of Books for 'the Young. W. M. Griswold, publisher, Cambridge, Mass.

Poems by Homer P. Branch, Mitchell, Iowa. \$1.

"The Sticket Minister," Novelists' Library, paper cover. Macmillan & Co. 50 cents.

Mr. George Beardsley, of Chicago, author of the paper on "Lincoln as a

Lawyer," in the October MIDLAND, has sailed for Glasgow to spend a year in the study of English literature at the English and Scottish universities. He is a brother of Professor Charles Beardsley, Jr., instructor in economics at the Iowa State University.

Miss Ina D. Coolbrith's poems entitled "Songs From the Golden Gate," a title suggested by John Muir, are to be published the last of the month.

Highest Awards at the

World's Fair

The lowest prices
for fine stationery
and correct Wed-
ding Invitations.
Samples mailed
Free on Applica-
tion.

100 finest engraved call-
ing cards and copper plate
for \$1.50. Monogram and
address dies cut for stamp-
ing writing paper for \$2.00,
\$2.50 and \$3.00.

for Wedding Invita-
tions, Calling Cards
and Society Station-
ery

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE



with 2,000 illustrations of Dia-
monds in fine settings—(over 100
styles Gold Watches, full sizes,
from \$20 to \$800) Chains, Rings,
Class Rings and Pins, Earrings,
Bracelets, Clocks, Optical Goods,
Silverware, Fine Cutlery, Um-
brellas, Toilet Articles, Lamps,
Cut Glass, Choicest Art Pottery,
Pocket Books, Card Cases, Mu-
sic Boxes, etc., mailed free if you
mention the Midland Monthly.

The Largest Jewelry Store in the World.

We sell only the best of everything at the
lowest prices in America.

MERMOD & JACCARD'S

No. 505, 507, 509, 511 Locust Street, Corner Broadway.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Do.....
You....
Like...
Good..
Eating

THE NO BURN ROASTER

Saves all the flavors, nutriments and juices.
All meats one-third richer. Tough meat al-
ways tender, rich and juicy. Nothing else
like it. Nothing burns, needs no attention,
worth its price once a month. Don't miss it
but send at once to

J. K. Purinton, Des Moines, Ia.
and get particulars.

LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER

OF ALL KINDS

FURNISHED BY THE . . .

CAPITAL CITY

GAS * * * * *

LIGHT CO. * *

208 FIFTH ST., DES MOINES, IOWA

Also, appliances of every kind to which
gas may be applied.

CAPITAL CITY NURSERIES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
HIGH GRADE STOCK.

Fruit and Ornamental TREES,
Evergreens, Roses, Shrubs, Vines,

etc., etc. Hardy, home grown, carefully packed, promptly and directly shipped. THE BEST
for the Orchard, Garden and Lawn. NATIVE PLUMS and other fruits originated in and
adapted to the northwest, specialties. For catalogue and prices address,

C. L. WATROUS, Des Moines, Iowa.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Dr. James Richards of Des Moines, who has been a practicing physician for over twenty-seven years, has an advertisement elsewhere to which the attention of the readers is directed. By a new and scientific method, having made the subject a study during all his professional career, he has succeeded in inventing a treatment for the stomach and abdominal pelvic cavities to which he wishes to call special attention, and he will be glad to give full information by calling on or addressing him at Sixth avenue and Mulberry street, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Yost Circular Book Case Com-
pany presents its announcement again in
this issue, and those who contemplate

an addition to their library this season, especially during the holidays, that is really both useful and ornamental, should write to them for illustrated catalogue, their address being Harrison and Jefferson streets, Chicago.

The winter season at the Drake San-
itarium, 706 Fourth street, has fully
opened and business is reported better
now than at any time in the history of
this growing and popular institution.
Doctor J. H. Drake, the physician in
charge, in addition to being a competent
and experienced surgeon, is aided by a
staff of able practitioners and every form
of disease is specially and successfully
treated.

INCORPORATED 1848.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.

... OF MAINE. ...

An Honorable and Successful Business Career of Nearly a Half Century.

Payments to Policy Holders Over \$28,000,000.00

The only company issuing policies under the Maine non-forfeiture law. This law protects policies from forfeiture by reason of default of payment of premiums.

An *exceptional* liberal contract will be given one or two good men as special agents in the State of Iowa.

P. M. STARNES, Manager for Iowa,

Iowa Loan and Trust Company Building.

~~DES MOINES~~—DES MOINES, IOWA.

IOWA FUR CO.

MANUFACTURING

FINE FURS

All Kinds of Furs
made to Order.

SUMMER
PRICE.



SUMMER
PRICE.



EAL SACQUE Re-dying
and Remodeling in the
latest styles a specialty.
First-class work and a perfect fit
guaranteed. Several years' practical
experience in Paris.

Flynn Block,
Second Floor,

Seventh and Locust Streets,
DES MOINES, IA.

To Inventors.

Send us a drawing, model or written description of your invention, and if we find it patentable we will advise accordingly, and at the same time give all necessary instructions about proceedings required to secure a patent. Valuable information about valuing and selling patents sent FREE. Printed copies of patents sent for 25 cents each.

THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO.,

IOWA PATENT OFFICE.

Des Moines, Ia.

ABORN HOUSE,

DES MOINES, IOWA,

(Most Centrally Located.)

The Aborn has undergone extensive repairs, remodeling and refurnishing, which makes it **ONE OF THE BEST HOTELS IN THE STATE.** Large sample rooms on parlor floor.

Popular Prices, \$2 to \$2.50 Per Day.

A. ABORN, Proprietor.



More Enameline

Sold than all other stove polishes combined!
It is the modern, ready-to-use Stove Paste. Saves
work. No powder, no dirt, no trouble.
Ask for it at your dealers. Get the genuine.

Industrial Notes—Continued.

Read the advertisement of the Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry Company elsewhere and send for catalogue. It will pay you.

A. Anderson of Des Moines, whose china store contains everything from the

plain and substantial to the unique and costly, has a large stock especially adapted for the holiday season and those seeking novelties should call on him at 604 Walnut street.

Massachusetts Benefit Life Association, BOSTON, MASS.

THE LARGEST NATURAL PREMIUM ASSOCIATION
IN NEW ENGLAND, 40,000 MEMBERS

\$107,000,000 Insurance in force	Policies incontestable from date of issue.
Over \$1,000,000 Cash Surplus	No restriction on residence or travel . .

A NEW DEPARTURE IN LIFE INSURANCE. AN INCONTESTABLE POLICY

Good, Reliable, Hustling Agents Wanted in every county in Iowa. You can get a good contract if you want to work. *Write me if you mean business.*

J. J. WILKINSON, GEN'L STATE AGENT,
615-616 IOWA LOAN AND TRUST BLDG., DES MOINES, IA.

GEO. A. LITCHFIELD, PRES.,
BOSTON, MASS.

The Drake Sanitarium.

706 FOURTH STREET.

For the Treatment and Cure of Chronic, Nervous and Surgical Diseases.	Our Department for Surgical Diseases is Unexcelled
We invite investigation.	Consultation and Diagnosis Free.

TELEPHONE 352.

The Drake Sanitarium Company,

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Joseph H. Drake, M. D., Surgeon.
Franklin J. Drake, M. D., Secretary.

Bound Volumes of The Midland Monthly (containing the numbers for six months) cloth sides, leather back and corners, reduced to **\$2.00**, postage prepaid.

Back numbers will be exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes, cloth, leather back and corners, **\$1.00** per volume (six numbers), subscribers paying charges one way. Postage, each way, 25 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be plainly marked with owner's name and address. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.*

Industrial Notes—Continued.

Dr. M. L. Bartlett, president and director of the Des Moines Musical College, is surrounded with a faculty with which nothing is to be compared in the West, and indeed its equal would be difficult to find in the East. The Des Moines Musical College represents the most advanced ideas of voice, piano, violin, mandolin, guitar, banjo playing, and is a school of oratorio, opera and ensemble playing, as well as that of languages, elocution and physical culture, including harmony and composition. Its faculty consists of eighteen people, including Henri Ruifrok, the noted pianist, whose performances are unrivalled; Carl Reidelsberger, the enchanting violinist, in addition to a corps of finished

artists whose reputation and standing has attracted the attention of the musical world. Dr. Bartlett has established this noteworthy institution in Des Moines after years of hard and patient toil, and it has succeeded in winning the large patronage it enjoys solely on its merits and great popularity, not having any "reserve" fund, endowment, or state influence, remote or otherwise, to aid in its development. He especially directs attention to his advertisement elsewhere, and begs leave to assure the music-loving people of Des Moines and Central Iowa that at no time in the past has he ever been able to so satisfactorily serve them as at the present.



THE DEL SUR RANCH CO.

(Incorporated) Owners of 1440 acres of the best foot-hill **ALMOND and OLIVE LAND** in Southern California, will plant for themselves, this winter, from three to four hundred acres to Almonds and Olives. They will sell some of their land, plant and care for it until in bearing, on very liberal co-operative terms. **Almond eight and Olive ten semi-annual payments.** This makes it easy to acquire a valuable income-producing property. *An income sure to increase with age.* The whole plan is fully explained in a circular to be had free on application to the office of the

DEL SUR RANCH COMPANY, 1227 Trenton Street, Los Angeles, California,
or **GEO. EAKINS, (one of the owners) 930 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Los Angeles Reference.

Complexion Beautified

WITHOUT PAIN, PAINT OR POISON.

Have you Wrinkles, Pimples,
Blackheads or Moth Patches?

Would you like your
youthful appearance?

Are marks of age stealing away your beauty?

Successful treatment for all skin blemishes, with a new and scientific method.

TOILET PARLORS

ROOM 4 FLYNN BLOCK, COR. SEVENTH AND LOCUST,
DES MOINES, IOWA.

RUPTURE

PERMANENTLY CURED OR NO PAY.
No Detention from Business. We refer you to 8,000 Patients. Financial reference, German Savings Bank Des Moines, Iowa.

Investigate our method. We give a written guarantee to Absolutely Cure all RUPTURE of both sexes, without the use of KNIFE or OPERATION, no matter how long standing.

EXAMINATION & CONSULTATION FREE.

The O. E. MILLER COMPANY,

Rooms 601-602 I. L. & T. Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.



MORE INTERESTING POSTSCRIPTS

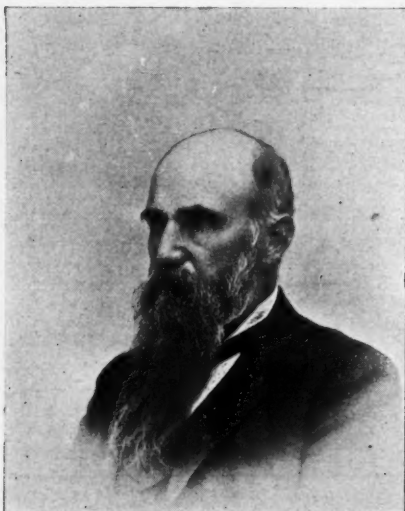
TO LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR—A FEW AMONG MANY.

Permit a former resident of Iowa to wish you the most complete success in your publication which I read with pleasure.—Clara I. Price, Seattle, Wash.

Always note its coming with pleasure.—H. J. Stockard, A. M., Munroe, N. C.
Your most popular magazine.—James W. Good, lawyer, Indianapolis, Ind.

Des Moines Medical and Surgical Home

1730 Seventh Street,



DR. J. B. HATTON, Pres., Physician in Charge.

For the treatment of all chronic diseases, both medical and surgical. All diseases known to the medical profession successfully treated.

We especially treat chronic

Eye and Ear Troubles, Catarrh,

Nose, Throat, Lung Difficulties,

Kidneys and Rheumatism in any

form, and Female Difficulties

treated successfully by the new methods.

Special attention given to the treatment of all such diseases by mail, and complete satisfaction assured. Correspondence solicited. Address all communications to

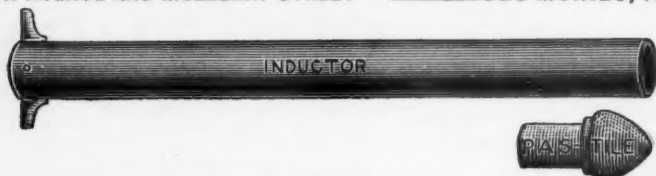
J. B. HATTON, M. D., Pres.

CITY OFFICE, 701 WALNUT ST.

JAMES RICHARDS, M. D.

SIXTH AVENUE AND MULBERRY STREET

DES MOINES, IOWA.



Dr. Richards is a graduate of the Missouri Medical College, the Medical Department of the University of Missouri. He has been a regular practitioner of Medicine for 27 years, and is now devoting all his time and attention to the treatment of diseases of the Stomach and Organs of the Abdominal and Pelvic Cavities.

Special attention called to our new mode of treating Piles, Rectal Ulcerations.

More Interesting Postscripts—Continued.

It is with much pleasure that I note the literary and financial success of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. Its visits are like pure, bracing breezes from mountain or sea.—Edwin Preston, Preston, Calif.

I enjoy THE MIDLAND.—Bertha P. Englet, S. Riverside, Calif.

And wishing you every success with THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.—Charles D. Lanier, business manager *Review of Reviews*, New York.

I cannot refrain from adding that THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has my warmest admiration. I am a native of Iowa, and am therefore proud of a state that is capable of sending forth such a magazine to a public that is weary with hearing only from authors that inhabit the Atlantic seaboard, and am glad to read the literature that the Middle-West is able to produce.—Mrs. A. M. Sturdevant, Wichita, Kas.

THE MONARCH



KING OF ALL CYCLES

Has more of the good qualities that go to make up the perfect wheel than any other bicycle.

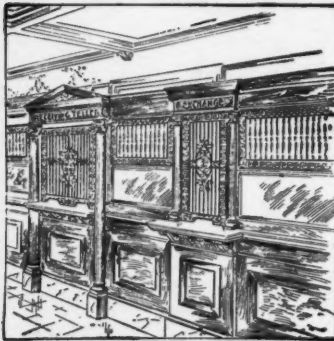
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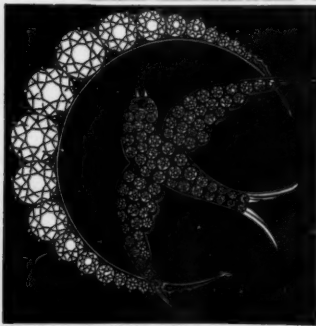
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More Interesting Postscripts—Continued.

I want to tell you how heartily glad I am that THE MIDLAND has not come down either in price, or in the quality of its make-up, to the level of most of the dollar magazines. As I look at it, it would necessarily be a clear sacrifice of quality and dignity. The position of an editor is analogous to that of the physician. If I do \$2 worth of work for one of my patients and charge him but \$1, I have undervalued my services and sacrificed my self-respect. And so under present conditions, I do not see how THE MIDLAND could be consistent and charge but \$1 for such a live, up-to-date magazine. I believe, further, that the great mass of your readers prefer that you use fiction and other articles contributed to your magazine by writers who are in touch with this great West, rather than

that you should pay a fancy price to an Ian MacLaren or any other foreigner, who, from the very nature of things, cannot faithfully represent us. There are exciting comedies, sublime tragedies, that are played in every-day life among the hills, streams and prairies of Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and the states West of us which afford splendid material for Midland literature and THE MIDLAND magazine is fast developing that fact.—Willis Mills, M. D., White-water, Wis., contributor to the *Arena*.

There is no reason why your magazine should not have as many readers here as Eastern publications. THE MIDLAND simply needs introduction in families to popularize it.—Chapman Lewis, Jamesport, Mo.

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More Interesting Postscripts—Continued.

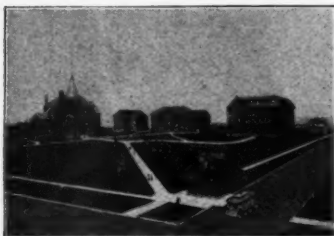
No man in the State of Iowa is more proud of the success you have achieved with the material at command, than is your present correspondent.—Frank W. Calkins, Spencer, Iowa.

I have the good fortune to become acquainted with THE MIDLAND MONTHLY and think it would be a desirable medium for advertising. Please send rates, etc.—A. F. Bresse, Mfr. Agents' Novelties, Davenport.

I enjoy THE MIDLAND very much and will renew my subscription next month.—Elizabeth D. Preston, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Consider THE MIDLAND MONTHLY equal to any other magazine, and we have them all.—E. H. Willey, editor Dakota *Republican*, Vermillion, S. D.

I miss THE MIDLAND MONTHLY and shall be glad to have it regularly again.—Carrie A. Johnson, Rockford, Ill.



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THE OLD, OLD "DON'T'S."

Again we have to say to new contributors, Don't roll your manuscript; Don't write on both sides of the paper; Don't expect us to return your manuscript unless you enclose return postage; Don't

invite needless correspondence; Don't expect from the overworked editor a detailed criticism on your work; Don't regard the return of your manuscript as an adverse judgment on your work.

More Interesting Postscripts—Continued.

We are delighted with THE MIDLAND personally and shall take pleasure in aiding you all we can in building up a large and profitable subscription list.—L. Conant, Treas. Subscription News Company, Chicago.

I wish THE MIDLAND much prosperity and success.—Lela W. Barrett, Rusk, Texas.

I have been keeping tab on THE MIDLAND. I have lived west of the Missouri thirty odd years and watch and encourage all Western good words and works.—J. A. Murphy, Ed. *Times*, Beatrice, Neb.

THE MIDLAND is making a permanent place for itself and is winning new friends with every number.—M. M. Huey, Chase, Mich.

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More Interesting Postscripts—Continued.

I deem it especially appropriate that he offer them to your magazine as it is really the representative monthly of our portion of the Great West.—**H. C. Plumley, Fargo, N. D.**

I was greatly pleased with it.—**A. H. Chase, Esq., Washington, D. C.**

Have heard the magazine highly recommended and would like to see it.—**J. E. Pryor, M. D., Ocean City, N. J.**

I enjoy the magazine so much.—**Mrs. M. E. Beynon, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.**

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Send \$1.25, \$3.10 or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of Boston..... Suitable for presents..... Sample orders solicited.

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WHAT THE GREAT DAILIES ARE SAYING.

Charlotte (N. C.) Observer: THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, published at Des Moines, Iowa, is the most creditable magazine that comes from the West. The illustrations are numerous and good and the literature of high order.

Fargo Argus: The November number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY presents many interesting articles, illustrated with good pictures. There is a fiction department wherein Bell Bayless, Marguerite

The Corn That Aches

CAN EASILY BE REMOVED
BY USING

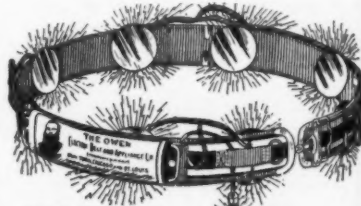
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Chambers Kellar and others contribute fascinating stories. THE MIDLAND is a Western publication, and should be especially chosen for that reason, as well as for the other and more potent one, that its merit deserves encouragement.

Minneapolis Journal: The fiction of the number is bright and readable. THE MIDLAND is gaining literary strength in each number, and Iowa has reason to be proud of the periodical.

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Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.

Short breathing after exertion.

Tightness of the chest.

Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.

Chilliness in the evening, followed by

Slight fever.

Perspiration toward morning and

Pale face and languid in the morning.

Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but **Dr. Acker's English Remedy** for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

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WRITE FOR INFORMATION

What the Great Dailies are Saying—Continued.

Burlington Hawkeye: Johnson Brigham's experiment in publishing a distinctively "midland" magazine has conquered success and would seem to be no longer an experiment. Devoting his publication to the literature of the Upper Mississippi Valley, he has succeeded in awakening the latent talent of Iowa and

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DES MOINES, IOWA.

What the Great Dailies are Saying—Continued.

St. Joseph News: THE MIDLAND magazine of Des Moines is improving right along in appearance, and now in paper, typography and illustration is very good indeed. The pen portrait of Gladstone is notably fine in the November issue. This number has an instructive article upon newspaper illustrating, two war sketches, and a very fully illustrated article upon "Midland Women in California."

Indianapolis News: There are many pictures in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for November. Among the illustrated articles are "Midland Women in California," "Newspaper Illustrating," two war sketches, two pioneer sketches and five stories.

Syracuse Courier: The best article in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY this month is "A Outpourin' Uv De Sperit," a character sketch by Bell Bayless.

C. W. TERRELL,
Real Estate and Merchandise Broker.

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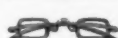
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11 W. Fifth Street, **DES MOINES, IOWA.**

What the Great Dailies are Saying—Continued.

Sioux City Journal: It will also have a portrait and sketch of Frank W. Calkins, who will contribute a story to the January number. Mr. Calkins lives in Spencer, but by his literary reputation is national.

Lincoln News: By the way, the "Editorial Comment" of THE MIDLAND is a very readable article, etc.

Indianapolis Sentinel: The editor of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY advises readers of books to have the courage of their impressions. "There are books you can't like if you try," he says. "Why not say so?" etc.

Columbus (Ga.) Sun: THE MIDLAND MONTHLY comes to us bright, fresh and entertaining in its contents, handsomely and profusely illustrated in the highest art, and with a table of contents of unusual excellence and variety. This magazine is rapidly increasing in public favor and ranks with the best and ablest monthlies published.

Springfield (Ill.) News: THE MIDLAND for November is a very interesting number. In two years it has earned its place among the magazines of the country as a representative literary magazine of the Middle-West, and is rapidly extending its lines and broadening its range.

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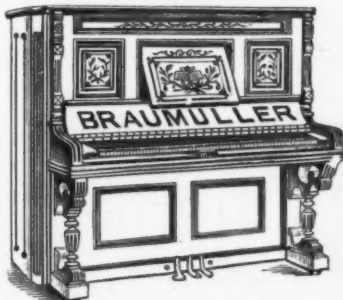
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THEME PAPERS.

How to Relieve the Poor and Prevent Poverty, Mrs. S. K. Terrill.
The Real Author of "If I Should Die To-night," Rev. Dr. W. W. Gist.
A Study of Swinburne, Mrs. Lillian Monk.
The Spirit of the Age, Alice Ilgenfritz Jones.
Pioneer Banking in the Mississippi Valley, Hon. H. W. Lathrop.
The Elective System in Education, Professor Frank W. Nelson, Bethany College, Kansas.
Education and Marriage, Julia L. Morris.
Bohemia, L. J. Palda.
The Life Element in American Fiction, Kate Corkhill, Wesleyan University, Iowa.

The Anglo-Saxon and Colonization, Welles G. Clark.
The United States Labor Bureau, H. H. Dane.
The Humor of Whittier, J. L. Pickard, ex-President Iowa State University.
Woman, Emma Y. Ross.
Some Elements in American Poetry, Caroline W. Sheldon.
Denmark in America, Ed. S. White.
Amana Society, Bartholomew L. Wick.
The Woman Who Wants to Be a Man, Julia L. Morris.
Home Themes, by a large number of MIDLAND contributors, in prose and verse.

DESCRIPTIVE PAPERS.

Among these are a number of "Midland War Sketches"—a feature of THE MIDLAND during the coming year—by F. M. Thompson (Department Commander, G. A. R.), Colonel Charles A. Clark, Senator Brower, W. S. Moore, Louise Maertz (Hospital Nurse), Doctor J. A. Anderson, General R. W. Johnson and other well-known Army men.

A Pioneer Editor's Experience, Hon. John M. Brainerd.
Building a House in Dakota, A. L. Cornwall.
Some Recollections of General William Henry Harrison, Hon. T. S. Parvin.
Puget Sound—The Angler's Paradise, Herbert Bashford.
The Home of the Duel, Professor Edward W. Rockwood, Iowa State University.

Havana, Cuba, as It Is, Ed. L. Sabin.
Australians Aborigines, George W. Bell, U. S. Consul at Sydney, Australia.
The Devil's Backbone, Samuel Calvin, Professor of Geology, State University.
Gold Mines of the West, E. B. Cauthone.
William M. Evarts, Personal Recollections, by Hon. Henry O'Connor.
A Glimpse of Berlin, Adalida Daniels.
Longfellow's Early Home, Fanny Kennish Earl.
A Trip Across New Zealand, W. E. Glanville, Ph. D.
Nooks and Corners of London, George Merriam Hyde.
The First Banquet Ever Held in the Upper Mississippi Valley, Hon. T. S. Parvin.
Boston's Old Burying Grounds, Mrs. Sadtette Harrington.

STORIES.

By the Roman Law (January), Frank W. Calkins.
Anita's Wooing, Frank W. Calkins.
A Journey to Grimes, Franklyn W. Lee.
The Odyssey of Sandy McPherson, H. E. Warner.
A Journalistic Experience, Howard Tedford.
In the Surgical Ward, Miles W. Dawson.
No Tenderfoot, A. J. Blethen, Jr.
High Hapgood's Wife, Maud Meredith.
A Western Client, Albert Thompson.
Out of the Past, Helen M. Sedgwick.
The Graveyard at Dorn, Mrs. W. S. Kerr.
Paul Petrovsky, William Hayward, author of "The Hegerland Diamond."
A Social Convulsion, Willis Mills.
Diana of the Sage Brush and other stories, Leigh Gordon Giltner.
A "Poet Lariat," Albert B. Paine.
The Rise and Fall of a Literary Family, Marie Edith Beynon, author of "Two Men and a Madonna."
The Story of a Failure, Fanny Kennish Earl.
Adrift, Mrs. K. S. Fowler.
The Missing Passenger, John Julian Gray.
A Questionable Ruse, Richard Saxe Jones.
Mme. Desiree's Spirit Rival, Mrs. Isaac L. Hills.
A Widower's Wooing, J. Albert Smith, author of "In de Glory Lan".
A Story Told on a Hill-top, Hannah Parker Kimball.
Jo Plumb, J. Clarence Jones, author of "Twinkle and the Star."

Christiana, L. M. Larsen.
The Wraith of Joe Atley, Dr. John Madden.
John's First Wife, Zoe Norris, author of "Janet."
Swipes, H. B. Segur.
A Providential Circumstance, George Bancroft Smith.
Herschel Blucher (a boy's story), Wm. A. Peterson.
The Mink Story (for children), Gardner C. Teall.
Beneath the Pines, Maud Morrison.
The Story of Margery Dill, Mrs. L. P. S. Wilson.
A Celestial Message, Robert Lee Walden.
A Scotch Lassie's Error, and other stories, Minnie Douglas.
The Stairway of Fate, Malinda Cleaver Faville.
The Story of Mrs. Dolliver's Million, Bertha Packard Englet.
One Woman Power, M. E. Hall.
Lenore, Mrs. P. M. Howard.
A Ghostly Carouse, Ed. L. Sabin.
Minnie Baba and the Tiger Prince (story for boys), Con Duray.
Dr. Nunnally, Edgar White.
The Woman with the Caterpillar Fringe, Juliette M. Babbitt.
Rabbie, Eva Best.
Was It a Ghost? William Schuyler, author of "On the Island."
A Whitney Girl, Katherine Bates.
Lurella Ann's Day, F. R. Sterritt, author of "The Rhyming Robber."

POEMS.

By Mary A. P. Stansbury (author of "How He Saved St. Michael's"), James B. Kenyon, (contributor to the Century), Lillian Hinman Shuey (author of "California Sunshine"), Herbert Bashford, Franklyn W. Lee, Freeman E. Mills (the Oklahoma poet), William Francis Barnard (the Chicago poet), Arthur Grissom and a hundred other rare poets.

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